# HARPER'S WEEKLY. A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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"A BROTHER'S HELP."—From a Painting by F. Boser.—[See next Page.]

## "A BROTHER'S HELP."

The interesting picture of German domestic life, which we give on our first page, is by F. Bosser of Dusseldorf. The group consists of a boy and girl sitting beside each other in their parents' comfortable home. The little girl has been puzzled by a difficult sum; and we should judge, from the redness of her eyelids and from the melting softness of her eye, that she has been shedding a few tears of self-pity or vexation over the impracticable figures on her slate. But see what it is to have a kind and clever brother! He puts down a half-pared apple, which he leaves beside the big yellow pan on the high-backed chair; he takes his seat with tender patience next the perplexed arithmetician, and takes the slate out of her hands. A steady glance at the figures, and then a moment's steady thought, which is nobly expressed in his face, have achieved the solution of the problem; and he is now briefly explaining to his sister—who does not yet seem to pay any too much attention—the method of working out for herself a similar sum in future.

## GREEN THINGS GROWING.

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

Oh! the green things growing! the green things growing!
The fresh sweet smell of the green things growing!
I would like to live, whether I laugh or grieve,
To watch the happy life of the green things growing.

Oh! the fluttering and pattering of the green things growing!
Talking each to each when no man's knowing:
In the wonderful white of the weird moonlight,
Or the gray dreamy dawn when the cocks are crowing.

I love, I love them so, the green things growing!
And I think that they love me without false showing;
For by many a tender touch they comfort me so much,
With the mute, mute comfort of green things growing.

And in the full wealth of their blossoms' glowing,
Ten for one I take they're on me bestowing:
Ah! I should like to see, if God's will it might be,
Many, many a summer of my green things growing.

But if I must be gathered for the angels' sowing—
Sleep out of sight a while—like the green things growing:
Though earth to earth return, I think I shall not mourn,
If I may change into green things growing.

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 18, 1867.

## AN ERROR IN RECONSTRUCTION.

The late arguments in the Supreme Court show some of the mistakes which the country has made upon the question of reconstruction. Yet they are natural errors, and are such as reveal the prudent and wise habit of the popular mind which declines to act until it perceives the reason of action. The problems with which the fall of the rebellion confronted the country were wholly new and of the most vital importance. There was a technical, summary, superficial solution of them, very easy to understand, and also very sure to make the war ridiculous. This solution was merely the policy of treating the rebellion as a riot. Certain citizens have resisted the authority of the Government, it was urged; they would not disperse upon reading the riot act, and it was necessary to call out the military force. That has succeeded in quelling the disturbance, and now every thing will resume its ordinary course. This was a view which was very possible in the year 1861. It had become sheer folly in the year 1865.

The rebellion was a death-struggle between the two principles which disputed the mastery of the Government. The dispute was maintained under the form of interpretation of the Constitution. The principle known as the South claimed that the Constitution was a treaty between sovereign States, which might be annulled in its own case by the will of any one of the States. This was the claim. The object was the perpetuity of human slavery as the cornerstone of a Southern empire. The principle known as the North held that the Constitution was a national bond under which the Union had become a nation, and that secession was national dissolution, which was consequently opposed by every patriotic instinct. This was the theory. The conviction was that by the laws of society and human nature slavery would be peacefully ended and a great, free, and happy republic established.

The controversy became at last too radical and intense for a peaceful solution. There was no tribunal which could settle it, and war was invoked to decide what the Constitution meant. Thus it was not upon the side of the North a war merely for the Constitution, but the Constitution as the North understood it; while the South in seceding was attempting to interpret the Constitution as the South understood it. Of course the side which was victorious won its interpretation of the Constitution. The North, not merely as a section but as an explanation of the Constitution, triumphed. Its first duty, therefore, was to make the Constitution say what the last irreversible appeal had declared it to mean. That was what the South expected. It looked to see the North remove the disputed point from future controversy by dispelling the obscurity of the Constitution upon the question. And this, clearly, was what should have been done. We should have distinctly forbidden secession by the fundamental law, and we should have provided in the Constitution that any State which attempted secession should resume its relations in the Union only upon such conditions as Congress might require.

This we should have done while the surrendered States still remained under the military authority of the Government. And when it was done we should have proceeded to settle the conditions upon which they might return. Then there would have been no Georgia or Mississippi petitions; and the Supreme Court would have had no voice in the question unless it had undertaken to declare that the Constitution had been unconstitutionally amended—a declaration which we doubt if even the eloquence of a Robert J. Walker could have won from it. The present difficulty is, that the war has distinctly decided the Constitution to mean what we have not made it distinctly express. The old verbal obscurity therefore remains, and the lawyers in the Supreme Court are repeating the speeches of Webster and Hayne in the Senate. The framers of the Constitution intentionally left the question of State rights and sovereignty obscure. They feared that Union would be impossible if they did not. From that cloud came the war. The war has dispelled the obscurity in fact, but we have not yet stricken it out of the instrument; and as courts and lawyers deal with verbal interpretations, we are actually witnessing the absurd spectacle of a nice technical dispute in a court-room of an issue which has been decided by the most tremendous war.

Every written Constitution is a perilous folly and snare if it is not most liberally interpreted and amended just as fast and fully as the growing public sentiment demands. The reverence for the Constitution as a complete and inspired instrument needing no change, which has been so sedulously inculcated in this country, is an incredible stupidity. It has discouraged independence of political thought, so that since the days of the Revolution and of the Federalist we have added nothing whatever of importance to political philosophy but the speculations of Mr. Calhoun and a few essays like Sidney Fisher's. Calhoun was the most fearless political thinker in our history except the men of '76 and '89 and a few of the living radicals. His political theories were purely medieval, indeed, but his mind was sincere and independent. He at least saw what his followers do not, that to make the Supreme Court a political tribunal of the last appeal is to subvert the Government.

In the Military bill Congress has acted in the spirit of the great decision of arms. It has acted according to the Constitution as the final resort has decided the Constitution to mean. But it has made the necessary verbal amendment of the Constitution more difficult. For when, under the conditions of the Military bill, the States which tried to secede are once more restored to their functions in the Union, one of which is voting upon amendments to the Constitution—they will necessarily have a vote upon any clause forbidding secession, and prescribing the penalty of the attempt.

## Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS AND CONFISCATION.

Mr. Thaddeus Stevens rather tartly asserts that Senator Wilson is giving the impression that if the Southern States honestly comply with the terms of the Military bill they will be restored to representation in Congress. Mr. Stevens asks by what authority this is said, and declares that for himself he would not admit the unrepresented States, or Territories, as he prefers to call them, without "a mild confiscation."

The authority upon which Senator Wilson probably relies for what he says is the general understanding of the country. The Military bill does not in terms provide that States which sincerely accept it and act under it shall be restored to representation, but the country does not doubt that they will be, and is very sure that such was the intention of the bill. Like the Constitutional Amendment, the Military bill is a tentative offer. The philosophy of the Amendment, as a preliminary condition to restoration, was simply that its adoption by the States would show that they were in such a condition that they might safely be restored. Its rejection was of itself evidence that other measures were necessary. So with the Military bill: if the States proceed in good faith to organize under it, that fact will be sufficient proof of the safety of their full return to the Union. If they treat it as they treated the Amendment the consequences will be similar. It is the offer of the Sybil's books.

But the case is apparently no longer doubtful. The States are organizing under the Military bill. Their late leaders in rebellion, without entering into the hopeless question of right or authority, accept the situation because they feel it. Their views about slavery and the intention of the Constitution may or may not be changed, but they are now speculations as practical as surmises about the song the sirens sang. They acknowledge the late slaves as fellow-citizens. They are as complaisant to them as the habitués of the Manhattan Club to the Irish. They solicit their votes as politely as the representative of Mackerelville the sweet voices of his constituents. And if the conventions which shall thus be elected shall frame constitutions embodying what Congress has suggested, and those constitutions are duly presented, does Mr. Stevens think that Congress will reject them? If the present aspect of affairs in the Southern States remains unchanged and a constitution adopted by general suffrage of all the citizens of any one of them is offered to Congress, does Mr. Stevens think that any party which rejected it upon the ground that, although all that was demanded had been done by the State in good faith, yet that enough had not been demanded, could survive or ought to survive such action?

We have no fear that, if the process of reconstruction continues as it has begun, Congress will still increase its demands. For Congress very faithfully represents public opinion, and there is no present public opinion which would not regard such a course as dishonorable in itself and politically disastrous.

But it is very foolish to speak of Mr. Stevens's desire of confiscation as a frantic act of vengeance. His philosophy is very far from ridiculous. Mr. Stevens, of course, does not suppose that the late rebels, as a rule, are friendly to the freedmen. He sees them soliciting the freedmen's votes because they are essential to their political success. He knows that the white leaders who are hostile to the Union party will use every means to obtain control of the colored vote. He also sees that no provision whatever has been made for giving the freedmen land; and he knows, as every reflecting man knows, that without land they lack a vital element of substantial citizenship. Now voters who must work upon the land every day to live are immediately dependent for bread upon the landholders; and where, as in the South, the late masters are the landholders and the late slaves are the laborers it is easy to see what an influence can be exerted.

The late masters at the South yield exactly as much as they are forced to, and no more. They could not prevent emancipation and they could not prevent enfranchisement. But they certainly never would have willingly consented to either, and they are very careful not to suffer the freedmen to become landholders. Yet land is essential to their proper status as citizens, and how shall they obtain it? In Georgia, for instance, all the public lands which are of value are occupied; and even were they to be bought the late masters, in settling their labor accounts, take good care not to leave money in the hands of the laborers. Mr. Stevens proposes "a mild confiscation," both to punish the disloyal who have robbed the loyal citizens, and to enable the citizens newly created to obtain land. It may be an inexpedient measure under the circumstances, but to call it vindictive or to suppose that it has no defensible reason is absurd.

## SPECIAL LEGISLATION.

The vital defect of the present Constitution of this State is, that it treats the whole State as a town which should manage all its affairs in one town-meeting. This is the false application of a true principle. The State, like the nation, is undoubtedly a political community; but it is an aggregation of smaller political communities, and each is competent to the management of its own peculiar affairs. Losing sight of this fundamental principle of free, popular Government the Convention of 1846 framed a fundamental law which makes the consent of the whole State necessary to the most minute local enterprises.

Thus, if the County of Suffolk wants some little local improvement it must go to Albany and ask Chautauqua what it thinks about it. Chautauqua knows, of course, nothing about it, and cares nothing. But Jones, of Suffolk, thinks that his interest demands the change, while Jenkins, of Suffolk, is positive that his interest is opposed to it. Jones and Jenkins therefore hurry to Albany. Each states his case, and argues it to the members from Chautauqua and the members from Essex. Time, patience, and money are all squandered upon this ridiculous dispute. At last Johnson, of Chautauqua, who is not so disinterested as legislators should be, moves his fingers as if his palms itched. Jenkins, of Suffolk, is very quick, and, seeing the motion, applies a green-backed plaster. Then Johnson begins to comprehend the question, and Suffolk is not allowed to have her little improvement.

This is the absurd system of private bills. Its result is twofold: the lobby as it appears to-day in Albany, and such a pressure of business upon the Legislature that many of the members are in hopeless bewilderment from the first day of the session to the last as to what is going on, and what they are voting for and why. Toward the close of the session the desks of the members are buried under huge piles of these bills. Each member has some pet project. He is anxious for its success. "Very well," says Hobbs of Broome to Dobbs of St. Lawrence, "if you can see your way to vote for mine I think there will be no difficulty in my voting for yours." One bill is traded for another. There is a universal truck and dicker. Men vote without the least knowledge of the merits or bearing of a measure in order to secure a vote for their own bill or to gratify a friend; and in the general confusion and eagerness and ignorance venality readily creeps in. Forced to decide upon subjects which he does not understand, and for which he does not care, many a member easily sophisticates himself into choosing that which gives him an immediate and tangible advantage. Add to such members those who never had any doubt that all is fair in politics, and you very rapidly reach a sufficient explanation of the corruption of the Legislature.

By returning to the fundamental principle, that every political community must be held competent to manage its own affairs, the enormous pressure of business upon the Legislature would be removed, three-quarters of the temptation and opportunity of corruption would go with it, and that vitality of a free government, the practical interest of every citizen in politics, would be stimulated. Let us have general laws under which each local community can act for itself. If the State of New York wishes to build a railroad, it is not forced to go to Washington to ask leave; and if Ann M'Intosh breaks through a canal bridge in the city of Buffalo, let her complaint be heard and redressed without bringing it to Albany. New York is not a town nor a village; it is an empire in extent and in variety of State interests. Those interests, and not Mrs. Ann M'Intosh's broken legs, are the proper subjects of her State legislation.

## THE STOCK MARKET.

During the past few days the Stock Market has shown a marked improvement in most descriptions of securities, with something like the activity of former times. The long period of depression, occasioned by fears of an injudicious or too hasty contraction of the currency, or what was worse, perhaps, an undue inflation thereof, has given place to a healthy increase of business, supported by a general feeling of confidence. Trade and finance are adjusting themselves satisfactorily without the aid of Congressional legislation. The tightness of the money market has disappeared; a general ease has returned, with abundance of capital seeking investment, and a daily increasing influx of currency from the interior. Tradesmen, merchants, importers, and jobbers are letting themselves down easily to the present level of affairs, and without serious risk to life or limb. All they ask now is to be "let alone" for the future, and business will adjust itself. Uncertainty is the bane that ever works positive mischief.

Wall Street always discounts apprehensions of political or commercial trouble, and consequently stocks depreciate. This fact has been instanced in the trying period of the past few months. But the "Bears" are no longer masters of the situation. The evils which they prophesied have not come, and the reed upon which they leaned is broken. The tendency of prices is inevitably upward, and is assisted by various causes. First the ease of the money market, the favorable bank statement, and the fine crop prospects favor a rise. Then the old Stock Board, which have been "Bears" for a considerable time, are now resuming their old status and becoming "Bulls." Besides, there is a large "short interest." Always when the market is depressed there is a certain class of shrewd speculators who buy up the best stocks for cash and hold them, waiting for the tendency of the market to be developed. Hence parties who have sold to deliver at a certain low figure are unable to procure the requisite amount of stock for delivery, and are bought in "under the rule." This produces discomfiture among them and some failures, and the knowledge of such fact stimulates the rise still more. Another thing which especially helps the leading railway shares, is the increase in their intrinsic value, as shown by their increased earnings and diminished expenses, which compare favorably with those of last year.

During the past fortnight Erie has displayed the greatest activity of any, and sustained its reputation as a favorite speculative stock. Under shrewd manipulation it has advanced from 52 to 66, and many operators have realized handsome profits. The transactions have been very large. Many of the original stockholders who sold out at low prices are now buying again for permanent investment. Since its culmination at 66, fluctuations have been rapid between that figure and 63, but the prevailing tendency is toward a still further advance, and many persons are sanguine enough to predict that it will reach the high figure to which it was carried by the combination of last year. The struggle between the "Bulls" and "Bears" is very severe, but the large "short" interest favors the former. Other leading railway shares, like Rock Island, Fort Wayne, Reading, etc., show an advance of several per cent. from the earlier spring rates. Governments are also very firm, and the demand for them is increasing with an

advance in price. These are sought for chiefly by persons who wish to make permanent investments at the satisfactory rate of interest which they yield; and large amounts are now taken by men who, early in the war, professed no faith in them, and declined to purchase. Being exempt from taxation they are the more eagerly taken up—but the Government loses a large revenue thereby.

But while railway and other stocks have thus decidedly improved of late, and the disposition to purchase on the part of the public daily increase, the Mining share market has been completely demoralized. Mining stocks have been weak and treacherous enough for a long time, and have been steadily following the course of petroleum stocks. Many of them are utterly valueless, representing nothing. Some mines are not being worked at all, while the best, with scarcely an exception, are any thing but remunerative at present. Those who manipulated speculative mining stocks in past days, and sent them up to a high figure, were not generally men of means; they found themselves unable tc hold them, owing to the scarcity of money and the influences brought to bear upon the market. Depression was the consequence.

The distress which late failures have brought upon many creditors should warn brokers of the danger of dealing in stocks not of real value. Oftentimes a stock is introduced into the Board with a high character for value. Certain cliques press it up, and after it has reached its highest point a broker gets orders to buy, with a fair margin put up. The purchase is made, say at $8 per share; the next day there is a break, and the stock sells at $1—loss $7, with a $3 margin all gone. The principal dealer is bankrupt, but the broker has to bear the loss. This enormous decline, so suddenly made, causes many failures; these often extend to the most prudent.

The effect of all such operations is to disgust the public and make them suspicious of all kindred enterprises. They will shun them as if they were pitfalls. Those who have already been victimized will wonder how they could have been gulled so easily. The best stocks are dangerous to deal in, but a bogus stock is a worm that gnaweth and consumeth.

## THE PUBLIC DEBT.

THE statement of the Secretary of the Treasury, made on the 1st of May, shows that the amount of the funded and unfunded debt of the United States has increased about five millions during the month of April; but deducting the cash in the Treasury, there is a decrease of $2,641,974 in the total aggregate. We can hardly look for as rapid a diminution of the public debt to take place within the present fiscal year as in the last, for several reasons. In the first place, owing to stagnation in business and a falling off in imports, there will be a considerable decrease in customs receipts. In the item of revenue from incomes, which last year amounted to a very large sum, it is estimated that there will be a diminution of nearly fifty per cent. Perhaps this figure is too large, but it is well known that many of our heaviest merchants, who returned incomes last year of hundreds of thousands of dollars, will this year be unable to return any thing but nominal incomes, while some will feel themselves fortunate if their balance-sheets do not show considerable losses. The same is true of the merchants of other cities and the country at large. Another source of revenue which the Government has hitherto been able to avail itself of will presently be lost—namely, the proceeds of auction sales of vessels, scrap-iron, stores, and nondescript property remaining on hand after the war closed. These have now nearly all been disposed of. It need not be doubted, however, that the Government will find means to provide fully in the future for its current expenses and payments of interest. Several schemes have already been devised to meet any possible contingency, some one of which, or at least one equally suitable, is likely to be adopted when required. Thus far the debt has been liquidated with a rapidity beyond precedent in the history of national finance.

## MR. GLADSTONE'S LETTER.

MR. GLADSTONE'S letter, which was reported by the ocean telegraph as a resignation of the leadership of the Liberal party, is a little obscure, but it is not so serious as the report. He says merely that it is plain that those Liberals who will act steadily together for reform are not a majority, and that it would therefore be foolish to attempt any further positive effort until there is a formal or virtual reversal of the Liberal defeat. He means, of course, that such a reversal as it could be achieved only by the votes of those who deserted him would be a sign of their return and willingness to co-operate with him.

The letter has given occasion to a very thorough criticism of Mr. GLADSTONE by the London press. The Liberals regard him as a moral hero; as a man who has unexpectedly illuminated British politics with the light of the highest principle and the most modest and spotless personal character; as a leader whose deference to difference of opinion is so delicate and sincere that it leads him to mistrust himself and paralyzes his purpose. As men the Liberal critics can not but admire the qualities which produce the results that as partisans they deprecate. The Tory opposition, on the contrary, decries him as acrid and arrogant; of a petulant temper, and half preacher half prig.

But JOHN BRIGHT, in a speech at Birmingham, tells us what he thinks of Mr. GLADSTONE:

"What shall I say of that leader? It is not, as you know, my practice to speak of the official politicians and the statesmen of this country with exaggerated eulogy; but I will venture to say this of Mr. GLADSTONE—and there is no man in either House who undertakes to deny it—that since 1832 there has been no man of the official class or rank, and no statesman, who has imparted into this question of reform so much of conviction, so much of earnestness, so much of zeal as has been imparted during the last two years by the present leader of the Liberal party. Who is there in the House of Commons who equals him in knowledge of all political questions? who equals him in earnestness? who equals him in eloquence? who equals him in courage and fidelity to his convictions? If those gentlemen who say they will not follow him have any one who is equal, let them show him. If they can point out any statesman who can add dignity and grandeur to the stature of Mr. GLADSTONE let them produce him."

This is great praise. It shows, at least, what the man whom the people of England trust most thinks of the leader whom the Tories most heartily dislike. Indeed Mr. GLADSTONE can not truly abdicate his leadership. Even if he should formally withdraw, he must still really lead. It is actual superiority which makes men leaders; and BRIGHT and GLADSTONE can not speak nor act without carrying a multitude with them.

Those of our readers who are interested in this political battle of the giants in England will find a most racy and admirable paper upon DISRAELI, the rival and opponent of GLADSTONE, in *Harper's Monthly* for May. It is from the same hand which gave the fine description of GLADSTONE in the same Magazine last year.

## THE SOUTHERN STATES AND THE "IRON HEEL."

IN his late speech at Augusta, Georgia, Ex-Governor BROWN put very pointedly the dilemma in which the petition of Governor JENKINS and the argument of Mr. O'CONOR leave the State of Georgia. If, he says, as Governor JENKINS and the rest have constantly claimed, Georgia is a foreign State conquered by the Union, what claim has she to any privilege in the Union except what may be conceded? If, on the other hand, Georgia is and always has been a State in the Union, all of us who rebelled are guilty of treason and liable to be hanged, and our property to be confiscated. "We either did go out, and the Government has the right to deal with us as a conquered people; or else we did not secede, and we were rebels and liable to be dealt with as rebels."

If the loyal people of the country insisted upon being literally logical, and upon treating a great national crisis in the spirit of a Tombs pettifogger, which is the policy of the Democratic party, this would be the inevitable dilemma in which the Southern States would be plunged. But because the Government will neither treat the late rebels exclusively as foreigners nor traitors, but regards them as citizens who may resume their national relations upon certain moderate and just conditions, it is amusingly described as "the blood-hound party," and its policy of restoration, which neither hangs nor confiscates nor exiles nor imprisons, but merely gives a vote to those who never rebelled, is nothing less than "the iron heel." The New York *World*, whose political allies before their rebellion used to chase with actual blood-hounds the loyal men whom the Government has enfranchised, and who had a pleasing and summary way of stamping the iron heel of the stake, the halter, or the mob upon American citizens who asserted the plainest principle of the Government, is peculiarly glib in the use of this kind of rhetoric. It is the same excellent "conservative" sheet that felicitously called the murderous mob which in the summer of 1863 hunted and massacred the defenseless colored population of New York, and tried to inaugurate the rebellion in this city, "the laboring population." Of course a party which enfranchises instead of enslaving colored Americans is in its view a "blood-hound party," and the policy which would protect them from Mayor MONROE'S lambs, who, we suppose, are "the laboring population" of New Orleans, is "the iron heel."

## THE CASE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

IT is reported that a writ of *habeas corpus* has been granted in the case of JEFFERSON DAVIS, and that the United States Government have ordered the commanding General at Fortress Monroe to deliver him to the civil officers. It will appear upon the investigation that he is held by the military authority of the United States upon a charge of complicity in the assassination of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, preferred by the President. If the Court decides not to release him he will, of course, be imprisoned, and in quarters less agreeable than Fortress Monroe. If it inclines to a different decision, how can it release upon bail a man so accused and of such a crime? The charge must be established or withdrawn.

As for treason, is it necessary again to invoke a court to decide a question which the war has settled? Suppose JEFFERSON DAVIS were tried for treason and the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty. What is the consequence? Simply that if he were not guilty the United States Government was. Is it not exquisitely absurd to run the risk of such a result?

The moment it was clear that he could not wisely be tried, DAVIS, like STEPHENS, should have been released upon his parole.

## DEAF MUTES.

THE education of deaf mutes is always a question of pathetic interest and importance, and it is just now peculiarly so from a warm difference of opinion as to methods which has recently arisen.

The Massachusetts Board of Charities, in its second Annual Report a year or two since, considered the whole subject of deaf mute instruction, and suggested that it might be desirable to improve in some points upon the system hitherto practiced in this country. Now, as that system springs from the original institution founded in Hartford by Mr. GALLAUDET and Mr. LECLERC sixty years ago, and has been faithfully followed ever since both there and at all the other chief deaf mute schools in the country, including that in New York under the charge for many years of the honored philanthropist H. P. PEET, it was natural that the suggestions of the Massachusetts Report should be very carefully criticised. Indeed a controversy has arisen which will end, like all such agitations, in good results for the deaf mute.

The main point at issue is the advantage of mingling teaching by articulation with the sign-language. The Massachusetts Report claims that it is desirable upon general principles, and has been tried with the best results. The Hartford and New York Reports deny it, and declare the system to be an utter failure. Yet the evidence as to the advantage in the case of those who are not born deaf seems to be conclusive; while the immense advantage of a system which teaches the mute to express himself in a language at once intelligible to all around him, is incontestible.

Meanwhile Mr. GARDINER GREENE HUBBARD of Cambridge, Massachusetts, has contributed his experience to the discussion. At the age of five his little daughter became deaf, and in the earnest effort to retain articulate communication with her, Mr. HUBBARD carefully investigated the whole subject, and is satisfied that nearly half of the deaf mutes in the State have once spoken, and that the articulating system is both practicable and desirable. Indeed, at Chelmsford, in Massachusetts, there is already a successful articulating school under the charge of Miss ROGERS.

Dr. PEET, of the New York school, in his Forty-eighth Report for the year 1866, strenuously opposes the articulating system. But he does not show that it might not be safely combined with that of signs. His strongest point is, that for the congenital deaf mute articulation is unnatural. But that, although it may be true, is by no means conclusive. The object of the instruction is general communication; and if, as Dr. PEET says, it requires two or three years to fit a teacher of the sign-language, it is very clear that the language when taught is accessible only to the initiated. It is certainly not impossible that the system brought by Mr. GALLAUDET from Europe, sixty years ago, not as the best, but as the best he could obtain, is susceptible of additions and improvement. This is all that is claimed by the Massachusetts Report, to which the name of Dr. HOWE, an undoubted authority, is signed; and a lucid and interesting sketch of the whole subject may be found in the April *North American Review*.

## THE COMMON SCHOOL.

THE annual Report of the School Committee of the city of Boston for the year 1866 is a pamphlet which we should gladly see in the hands of every reflecting man in the country. It is understood to be the work of the Rev. R. C. WATERSTON, and is one of the most valuable documents of the kind ever published. It gives a brief survey of the present condition of the public school system in the countries of Europe and in the Western States of this country, besides a very thorough account of the schools under the immediate supervision of the Committee. In Boston there are nearly 200,000 inhabitants, and the city provides 280 public schools, taught by 613 teachers and attended by 27,723 scholars. The expenses during the year, including school-houses and lots, were nearly $1,000,000. Within the last twelve years Boston has spent $3,668,000 in salaries to teachers, $1,600,000 upon school-houses, $1,357,000 in incidental expenses, making in all more than $6,629,358.

No money was ever more wisely spent, for education and liberty go hand in hand. The public school system is what BANCROFT, quoted by Mr. WATERSTON, calls it, "the secret of the success and character of New England." It will be the regeneration of the Southern States. Political liberty will lead in education there as it did in New England. The earnestness and thoroughness, the good sense and felicity with which this Report of Mr. WATERSTON'S is prepared will give it a very much longer date than such documents generally enjoy. Indeed it is by the noiseless and incessant labors of such men as he, accomplished and energetic, trained and devoted, that the common school system of New England has passed from glory to glory, and from strength to strength.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

GENERAL ORD, commanding in Arkansas, has notified the Legislature of that State not to assemble. A new Legislature is to be elected by the whole people, including the newly-made citizens.

Ex-Governor Perry vehemently denounces the holding of a Convention in South Carolina and the granting of suffrage to the negroes.

The United States Circuit Court of Virginia was opened in Richmond on May 6. John Minor Botts was foreman of the jury; among the other members were three freedmen.

Robert Toombs of Georgia has written a letter advising his friends to accept the situation, expressing his desire to return home from exile and renew his allegiance as a "true patriot."

Senator Wilson of Massachusetts was cordially received in Charleston, South Carolina, on May 3, and spoke to an audience of five thousand freedmen. Congressman Kelley of Pennsylvania departed from Philadelphia, May 4, on a similar Southern tour.

The Charleston street-railroad cars were thrown open on May 3 to whites and blacks alike.

On May 2 H. R. Pollard was prohibited from delivering in Lynchburg a lecture on the "Chivalry of the South" laudatory of rebel soldiers.

### THE INDIAN WAR.

All efforts at arranging a permanent peace with the Indian tribes living along the Platte and Arkansas rivers appear to have failed, and Generals Hancock and Sibley meet with considerable opposition. The former, who is pushing west along the Arkansas River, had reached Fort Dodge on April 24; and held a council on that day with the Kiowas. They promised to remain at peace; but the General placed little reliance in their promises, and advised the various station-guards to keep on the look-out. He was also strongly guarding the Sante Fe road, while he prepared to push southward into Colorado and New Mexico and the country of the Comanches and Arapahoes. After concluding or enforcing a peace with these it was his intention to return to Fort Dodge and invade the territory of the Sioux and Cheyennes, which lies north of the Arkansas River; and where the principal preparations for war have been made by the Indians.

General Sibley reached Fort Laramie on April 21, and held a council with about one hundred and fifty Indians. They were very dictatorial in their demands, and promised, if the Government would set aside three hundred thousand square miles of land as a reservation, provide them with arms, ammunition, and provisions, protect them from other tribes, and keep the white men from trespassing on their reservation, they would keep the peace. While one party was offering these terms at Laramie, another force of Indians surrounded and attacked Horse-Shoe Station, which is about seventy miles further west; and also attacked a supply train in the same vicinity. Other depredations are reported, showing the hostile intentions of the Indians, and compelling the abandonment of the work on the telegraph.

Meantime, west of the mountains, in Arizona, a war of extermination has commenced against the Indians. General Gregg lately issued an order declaring the Indians as hostile; and on April 27, our latest dates, the work had begun with great rigor.

### NEWS ITEMS.

It seems that "Lynch law" is more powerful in Kentucky than the military power. On April 24 a negro boy in Jessamine County shot and killed a white boy of his own age. He and an accomplice were arrested and taken to the county jail at Nicholasville. A mob soon after gathered, and taking them from the jail hung them in a neighboring garden. On May 3 Lieutenant Rice, with a detachment of the Second United States Infantry attempted, under orders, to arrest the murderers of the negroes. He was resisted by the mob, shot at, and wounded in three places, and finally prevented from making the arrest.

The Commissioners of Quarantine on April 30 selected Coney Island as a quarantine station.

A Mr. White was recently prevented from lecturing on "Romanism" by a mob at Quincy, Illinois. The citizens of that town have since vindicated the right to free speech, and protected him while he delivered his lecture.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

THE King of Prussia, in closing the North German Parliament, on April 17, congratulated the members on the secured unity of Germany by the adoption of the constitution introduced by Bismarck. In his speech, which created much interest all over Europe as foreshadowing his intention to revive the "German Empire," King William said the Government had "succeeded in establishing, upon a secure basis, a constitution whose development the people might confidently leave to the future. The Federal authority was furnished with all the attributes indispensable to it, but not with so much power as to endanger the prosperity and the power of the individual States of the Confederation. The individual States, while the future is guaranteed by the totality of the Bund, have retained their freedom of action in all departments wherein variety and development are admissible and salutary." In concluding the King added: "The time has arrived when our German Fatherland is able to uphold its peace, its rights, and its dignity by its own collective strength. The national self-consciousness has met with a powerful echo from all quarters of Germany: none the less, however, are all the governments and people of Germany unanimous that the regained power of the nation has above all to uphold its significance by rendering secure its blessings of peace."

Napoleon, on April 30, stopped all military preparations throughout France.

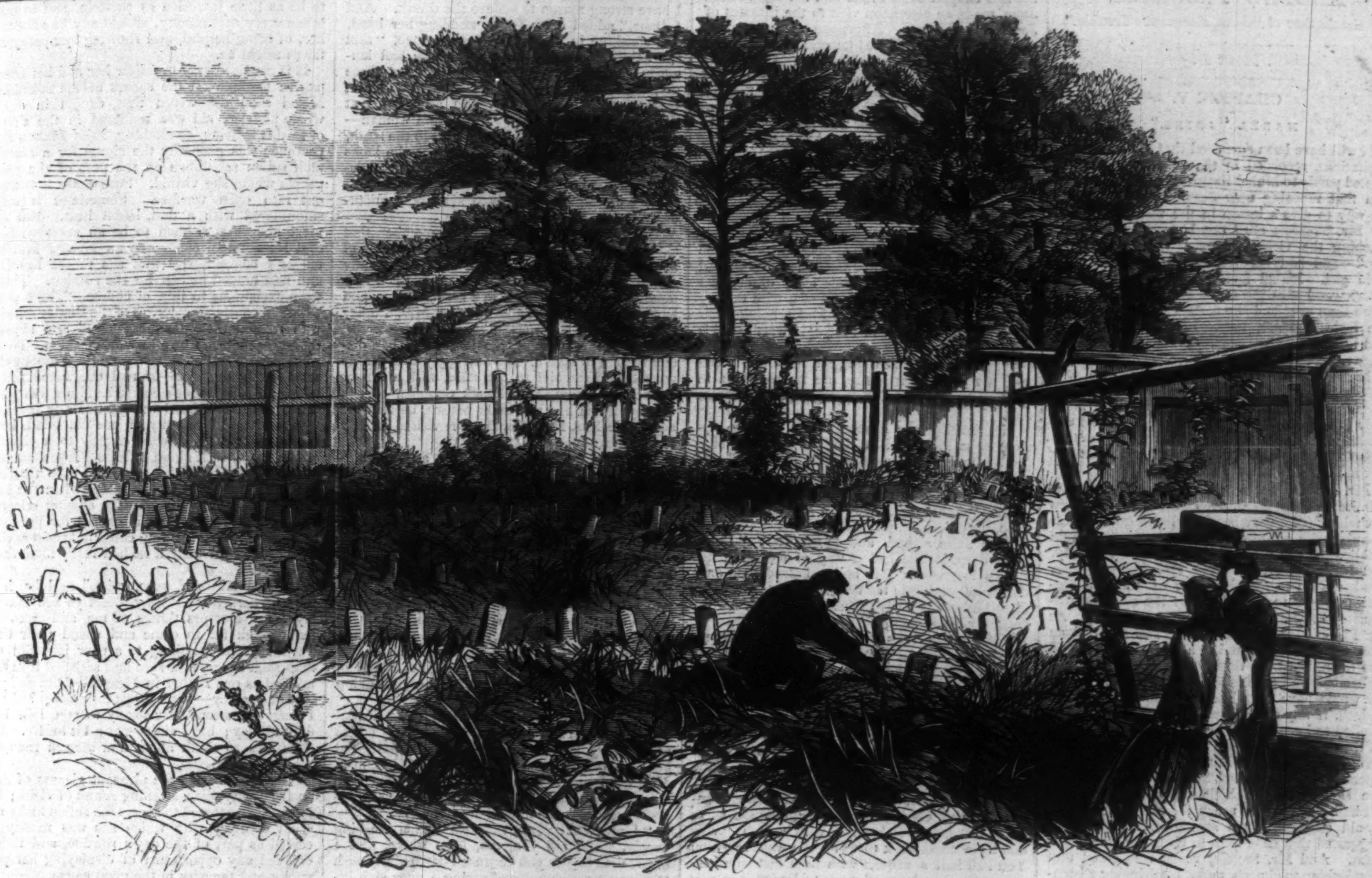
The Reform agitation continues in England. On May 2 an amendment to the Reform bill was carried in Parliament by the Liberals by a majority of 81. The Derby Cabinet on the same day had persisted in prohibiting a contemplated Reform demonstration in Hyde Park. On May 3, however, the Cabinet simultaneously accepted the amendment to the bill and withdrew the objections to the meeting. Fears of a riot were so strong, however, that the Cabinet ordered out a guard to preserve the peace, and the stock markets became much depressed in consequence. The demonstration took place on May 6, and was unusually quiet and orderly.

The Fenian colonels Burke and Doran were convicted in Dublin, May 2, of high treason and sentenced to be hung on May 29.

The Emperor of Brazil, on May 4, issued a decree abolishing slavery in the Empire. By its terms all children born after April 8, 1867, are free, and all living slaves are emancipated on April, 1887.

The Revolution in Hayti continued on April 14, the succession of Salnave to the Presidency being opposed by General Victorine.

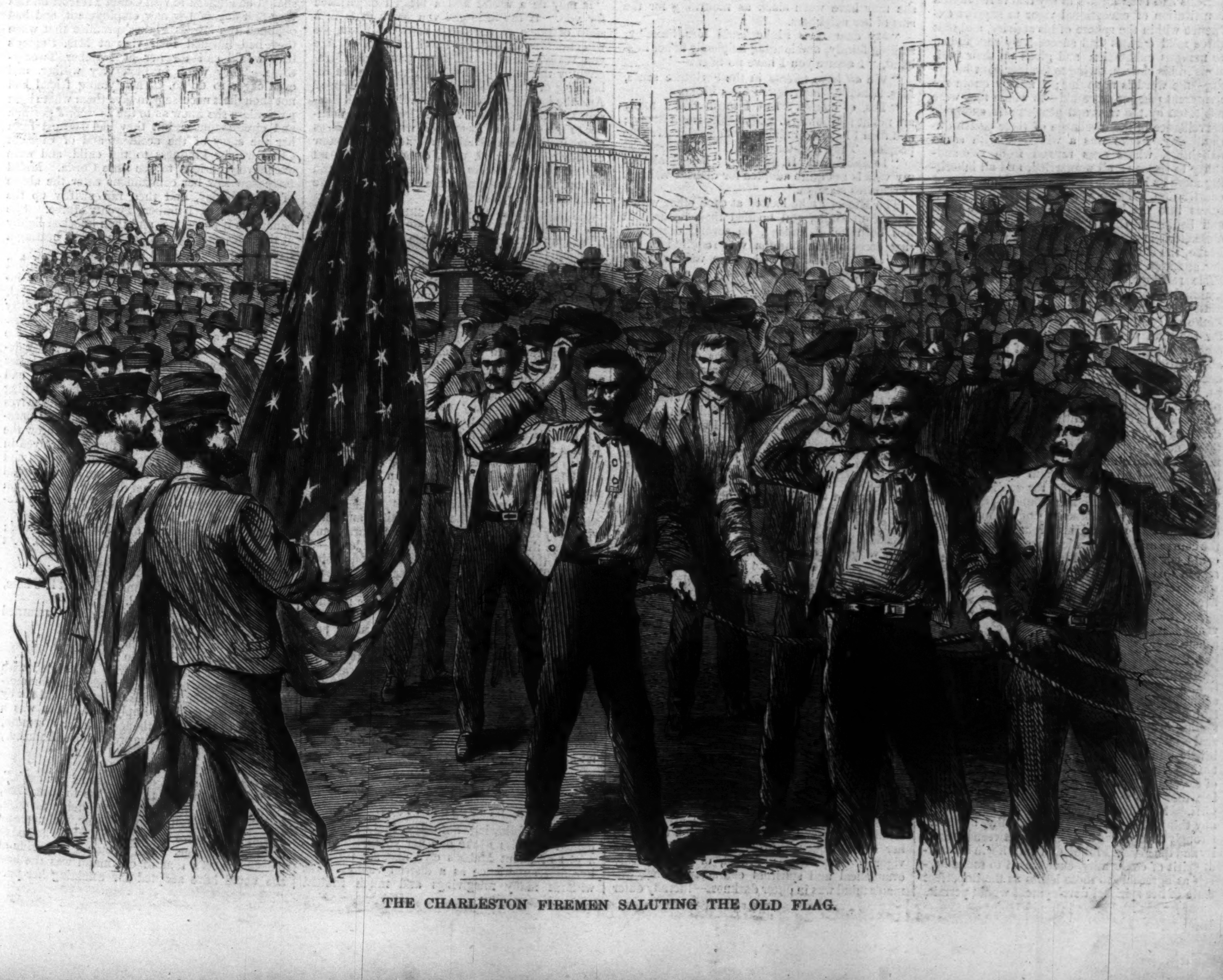
THE MODERN MEDEA—THE STORY OF MARGARET GARNER.—Photographed by Brady, from a Painting by Thomas Noble.—[See Page 318.]



THE MARTYRS OF THE RACE-COURSE—UNION PRISONERS' CEMETERY AT CHARLESTON, S. C.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 318.]

## SALUTING THE FLAG.

AT the annual parade of the *Charleston Fire Department* on April 27 it was observed that, notwithstanding the presence of a great many of all other kinds of banners, there was not displayed a single United States flag. General SICKLES noted the same significant fact last year; but being assured by the Chief of the Fire Department that it was an inadvertence, he did not punish the offenders. But when the offense was repeated this year he took very summary and commendable action, and, halting the procession in the streets, compelled the Chief to procure a United States flag and place it opposite the reviewing officers, and ordered every person in the column to salute it by lifting his hat or cap in passing. The order was as promptly obeyed by the firemen as it had been issued by General SICKLES.



THE CHARLESTON FIREMEN SALUTING THE OLD FLAG.

# MABEL'S PROGRESS.

**By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."**

### Book I.

## CHAPTER V.

### MABEL "JOINS."

IT will have been surmised that Mr. Trescott's cogitations, recorded in the preceding chapter, related partly to Mabel Earnshaw. She had seen him that morning near Jessamine Cottage, on his way to give a lesson in the neighborhood—for Mr. Trescott eked out his scanty salary by teaching the violin, whenever he could find a pupil—and had accosted him to ask after his little girl. Mabel had learned from Clement Charlewood that the child was motherless, and more than ever had she set her heart on visiting the little creature, to whose patient sweetness and bright intelligence Clement bore warm testimony.

Mabel had a very strong will of her own, and rarely set her heart on any object without compassing its attainment. Nevertheless, for a young lady of sixteen to walk to New Bridge Street unattended, and without the consent of her parents, was not to be thought of. But chance came to her aid from an unexpected quarter.

Mr. Saxelby was a strong adherent and devout admirer of a certain evangelical clergyman, whose preaching (of a very hot and strong quality) was popular with a large section of the Hammerham public. Three times every Sunday, wet or dry, did Mr. Saxelby, his wife, and step-daughter, trudge down to the church of St. Philip-in-the-Fields, there to be edified by the eloquent discourses of the Reverend Decimus Fluke. As St. Philip's lay at least a mile and a half from Jessamine Cottage, and in a low squalid part of the town, the walk thither was exceedingly disagreeable, and even laborious. But Mr. Saxelby would have considered himself a backslider, indeed, if any thing short of serious illness had availed to keep him or his family away from one of the three Sunday services. Equally, he would have thought himself disgraced had he been induced by inclement weather to avail himself of the shelter of a vehicle on these occasions. "Shall I not do so much for my Master?" he would exclaim, when any unconverted friend suggested that cabs were to be had in Hammerham. And Mr. Saxelby really considered that in splashing to church, under his dripping glistening umbrella, he was doing a good deal for his Master; and his manner seemed to express a hope that the sacrifice would be duly appreciated, and entered to his credit in the celestial registers.

Now, the Reverend Decimus Fluke, incumbent of St. Philip-in-the-Fields, was an energetic man. A very energetic man was the Reverend Decimus Fluke. So energetic that irreverent persons had been known to say that it required a constitution of exceptional vigor to support existence within the sphere of his activity, and that three mild curates had successively succumbed to nervous exhaustion, and given up their positions in his church, owing to the incessant harrying—the word is not mine; I merely quote the irreverent persons aforesaid—to which they were subjected by the reverend gentleman's energetic surveillance in the discharge of their parish duties. Mr. Fluke was a widower, with seven daughters, whose ages ranged from two-and-thirty to sixteen; all unmarried, and all inheriting more or less their father's unflagging vigor of constitution. These young ladies threw themselves into the business of doctoring the souls and bodies of their father's parishioners with characteristic and unwearying activity. Miss Fluke, the eldest, was especially indefatigable in her attention to Sunday-schools, class meetings, Bible readings, the practice of congregational psalmody—of so severe a character that the most censorious worldling could not accuse Miss Fluke of getting up her bi-weekly singing class for the vain purpose of giving pleasure to any created being—and last, and most important of all, district visiting. This was an occupation dear to Miss Fluke's heart; and as the parish of St. Philip-in-the-Fields was large, poor, and populous, she had an extended sphere for the labor which she performed entirely con amore. Her curiosity about the affairs of the parishioners (dictated, no doubt, by interest in their spiritual welfare) was insatiable. The stoutest Hammerham housewives—and Hammerham housewives are not remarkable, as a class, for sensitiveness or over-refinement—sometimes found themselves no match for the well-directed unflinching fire of questions with which Miss Fluke plied them, in the course of her evangelical investigations. You could not shame Miss Fluke out of any thing; and in this superiority to the weaknesses of her unconverted fellow-creatures lay, perhaps, at once her weapon and her shield.

Mr. Saxelby having been known for many years previous to his marriage as a constant and attentive member of the congregation of St. Philip's, it was natural that he should be held in high favor by the Flukes, and that the ladies of that family should have endeavored to cultivate the acquaintance of Mrs. Saxelby and Mabel. They had not prospered very well in this endeavor; finding Mrs. Saxelby far below their standard of zeal—"lukewarm," Miss Fluke pronounced, briefly—and Mabel given to disconcerting repartee and argument when pushed too hard on points of low-church doctrine or practice. Disconcerting, that is to say, to one or two of the younger girls. Miss Fluke was never disconcerted by any thing or any body. Mr. Saxelby, however, strongly encouraged an intimacy between his family and the Misses Fluke; and his wife, in her usual spirit of conformity, endeavored to make herself as agreeable to those ladies as the imperfect state of her spiritual development would permit.

On the day following the evening spoken of in the last chapter Miss Fluke and her third sister, Jane, made an afternoon visit to the inmates of Jessamine Cottage. Afternoon visits were not much in Miss Fluke's way generally; she looked on such formalities as vanity and waste of time; saying, in her trenchant manner, "That *she* had no leisure for such observances; but that all Christian friends who had would find her at home on Friday afternoons with her sewing-basket, when they could listen to her conversation, and satisfy themselves of her perfect health, without taking up valuable hours which should be devoted to the "Lord's work." The work which Miss Fluke thus designated was, on Fridays, the construction of very coarse and very scanty garments—chiefly of flannel—for the poor. But on this especial afternoon Miss Fluke and Miss Jane Fluke did make a call at Jessamine Cottage, and finding the Saxelbys at their early dinner, sat down very willingly to partake of it with them.

"The laborer," said Miss Fluke, holding her plate for another slice of beef, "is worthy of his hire."

"True, indeed," returned Mr. Saxelby; "and you, my dear Miss Fluke, are indefatigable in the vineyard. Mabel, help Miss Fluke to potatoes."

Mr. Saxelby was a short, spare man, so upright as to give the idea that his back was supported by artificial means; and he walked and moved and spoke with a sort of metallic snap.

"It's a stubborn soil, Mr. Saxelby," said Miss Fluke, "and requires the plow-share to go deep, deep, deep."

Miss Jane sighed, and murmured: "Deep, deep, deep." She had a way of repeating her sister's last word; this being, indeed, her only chance of joining in the conversation at all, when Miss Fluke was fairly launched on one of her favorite topics.

"Now, this very day," resumed the latter, "I've been district-visiting for Eliza. Her beat is quite separate from mine, and really I have *not* time to take any extra duty. Only Eliza is laid up with a cold, and the other girls' lists are all full. So, of course, I wouldn't withdraw my neck from the yoke, nor turn back from the narrow path, however thorny."

"Thorny," said Miss Jane, pouring some cream over her fruit tart.

"Now, Mrs. Saxelby," said Miss Fluke, turning on her hostess with such suddenness as to make that lady drop her fork with a clash, "why don't *you* come back to us? We want recruits. You had half a district with Loui last summer. *Why* abandon the good work? Remember, you will have to give an account of your talent, even though you bury it in a napkin."

Miss Fluke shook her head so emphatically that the jet flowers in her bonnet quivered again. She usually wore black. No one quite knew why. Possibly because it had a good lugubrious effect by a sick-bed, and attuned the patient's mind to thoughts of a becomingly gloomy nature. Or, she may have worn black as mourning for the sins of her neighbors.

"My dear Miss Fluke," said Mrs. Saxelby, smiling faintly, and looking helplessly at her husband, "I assure you I have no talent—"

"We *all* have talents in the Scripture sense, Mrs. Saxelby," interrupted Miss Fluke.

"Yes, of course. But I mean that I really am not fit for the work. My health is not strong; and then I have no influence whatsoever over the people. They frighten me."

"I think," said Mr. Saxelby, "I do think that my wife is not quite adapted for district-visiting. It requires stamina."

The Misses Fluke looked at each other with a significant smile, and nodded their heads. It had been found, indeed, on several occasions, that considerable stamina was required on the part of the visited as well as the visitors: Miss Fluke's religious exercises being of a fatiguing, not to say exhausting kind.

"Be it so," said Miss Fluke, with the air of making a great concession, and scorning to take any credit for it. "But there are other branches. Dorcas meetings, Bible class, catechism class, hymn class, missionary collections, clothing committees, tract distribution. Come, Mrs. Saxelby, you can not plead incompetency for all."

"Really, I—I don't know," stammered the poor little woman, coloring painfully, and feeling very much inclined to cry. "I'm so afraid to interfere with people, and have so little confidence in my own power to comfort them or do them any good."

"Comfort them!" cried Miss Fluke.

"Comfort them!" echoed her sister.

"You—must—awake—them—to—a—sense—of *sin*. That's the one thing needful, Mrs. Saxelby. Comfort's of no use to them until they've got a sense of sin. It's a snare and a delusion—a folding of the hands to slumber."

Mabel, who had been sitting silently attentive, turned upon Miss Fluke, who was quite red in the face from the strength of her emphasis, and was about to make some rejoinder; but she caught her mother's imploring glance, and refrained. Miss Fluke, however, had perceived the movement of Mabel's head, and took the opportunity of addressing her to ask why *she* at least, who was young and strong, should not put her shoulder to the wheel, and assist in the awakening process?

"Now, I assure you," said that strenuous spinster, "that there is an *immense* field to labor in. Eliza's district, where I've been this morning, is full of interesting cases. There is a woman, an electro-plater's wife, in New Bridge Street, who has had some of the most remarkable experiences."

Mabel started at the words, and Miss Fluke, taking her eager look of interest as a tribute to her own eloquence, proceeded with redoubled vigor: "Experiences, Mabel, of a thoroughly evangelical and spiritual character. That woman's mind was in outer darkness—literally outer darkness. She was weltering—to use her own words—weltering in worldliness and self-seeking. I have strong reason to believe she drank. And I *know*," added Miss Fluke, nodding her head, and speaking in a loud triumphant tone, "that she habitually used the most *awfully* bad language! Well, now, what is the result of three months'—only three months'—diligent district visiting, tract distributing, and attendance at Sabbath evening lecture? Why, that woman—Pugley her name is—is so awakened to the truth, has got such a real sense of sin, that she looks upon the spiritual state of all her friends and relations with absolute loathing."

"Lo-o-o-athing!" repeated Miss Jane, unctuously.

"And she said, I particularly remember, that she considered her husband's mother to be clothed in filthy rags, as with a garment—spiritually speaking, of course; for the old woman is a very decent, clean old creature, in a worldly sense, and looks after her grandchildren when Mrs. Pugley is at lecture or Bible class."

Miss Fluke stopping the torrent of her discourse here to take breath, and apply a very large pocket-handkerchief to her nose, with a strong wrenching action, Mabel took occasion to ask whether Eliza had any other houses, besides the admirable Mrs. Pugley's, that she visited in New Bridge Street?

"Let me see," said Miss Jane, availing herself of her sister's temporary retirement behind the pocket-handkerchief to assert *her* knowledge of the subject, and advertise her share of the family energy. "Well, I'm not sure, but there's a great deal to be done in the neighborhood, I know. Will you join, Mabel? Do say yes. It would be a real help, now that Eliza is ill. You could take the lighter duties to begin with. Just a little Scripture reading, and so on, unless—unless—you'd prefer to have Eliza's catechism class, or to make a subscription-book for the Infant Bosjesman Mission."

"May I accompany Jane and Miss Fluke in their district visits?" asked Mabel, addressing Mr. Saxelby.

Her step-father was much surprised by the demand. Mabel had never before shown any desire to associate herself with her friend's parochial labors. But he answered at once: "Certainly, Mabel. I am rejoiced to think that you care about these things. Under Miss Fluke's guidance I can have no objection to your going."

"I must tell you, Sir," said Mabel, flushing deeply, "and tell you, too, Miss Fluke, that I have asked to join you because I particularly wish to have an opportunity of seeing a poor sick little girl in whom I am interested, and who lives in the part of the town you have been speaking of. If you don't think it right to admit me with that motive I shall be sorry. But that is the true one. I have no other."

"Join, Mabel!" said Miss Fluke, who had risen to go, and was tying her bonnet-strings with superfluous application of muscular power. "It may be a useful and a blessed experience for you. If the little girl you speak of is in a state of grace so much the better. If not, we will endeavor to bring her into the way of— Are you ready, Jane? And have you given Mrs. Saxelby the penny subscription card for the rebuilding of Duckrell Chapel and school-house? And the last report of the Infant Bosjesman Mission Ladies' Committee? And lent her the number of the Christian Reminder, with those verses about justification by faith, adapted to a popular melody? Very well, then, come along. And Mabel, be your motive what it may, I say again to you, join! Remember the beautiful hymn we had last Sunday, beginning:

> Come dirty, come filthy,
> Come just as you are!

That's my advice to *you*. Come just as *you* are; only join!"

Miss Fluke took leave briefly with her sister, and was heard to march with a quick firm tread down the front garden path, and to shut the gate behind her with a loud jarring clang.

"An excellent woman, Miss Fluke," said Mr. Saxelby. "One of those who may be truly said to be unwearied in well-doing."

"I wish," said Mrs. Saxelby, "that she wouldn't shut the garden gate in that dreadfully violent way. It jars every nerve in my body."

To this Mr. Saxelby made no reply, but took his hat and set forth to return to the office: having first kissed his wife's forehead with more gentleness than his ordinary manner would have led one to suppose him capable of.

"Mabel," said her mother, when Mr. Saxelby had gone, "I'm afraid this won't do."

"Won't do, mamma?"

"No; you'll hate the whole thing, and then you'll say so. And that will make a quarrel, and be worse than not joining at all. Besides, I—I—don't think Mr. Saxelby will like your going to these Trescotts. And his wishes should be respected."

"But, mamma, I told him. I made no false pretenses."

"Dear me, Mabel!" cried Mrs. Saxelby, pettishly—her temper, usually gentle, had been ruffled by Miss Fluke; Miss Fluke *was* trying to the nervous system; "I wish to Heaven you wouldn't be so entêtée. The child is cared for. Why not be quiet, and let her alone?"

"Mamma," answered Mabel, softly, bending her head down and shading her eyes with her hand, "suppose every one had been quiet and let *us* alone when we were desolate!"

## CHAPTER VI.

### A DISTRICT VISIT.

ON the following Saturday Mabel, accompanied by Miss Fluke and her youngest sister, a girl of about Mabel's own age, set forth on her first experience as a district visitor. Not without many misgivings and much inward trembling did she commence her round. But she put a brave front on the matter and resolved to be as little intrusive as possible, and to embrace every opportunity, should any be afforded her, of being helpful, and showing sympathy as far as might be.

It is not necessary to follow her and her companion through all the scenes of the morning. Mabel soon discovered that, except in cases where physical aid was rendered in the shape of food, medicine, or clothing, Miss Fluke's appearance was generally the signal for a sturdy tacit sullen resistance on the part of the poor people whom she visited. Sometimes it flamed out into open warfare. Sometimes it only smouldered with a dull, latent heat. But almost always it seemed to be an accepted fact that Miss Fluke came like an invader into an enemy's country, and that she meant fighting and had braced herself for the combat. There were exceptions to this, of course. There were whining, canting hypocrites of the Pugley school, who related their "experiences," and abused their neighbors in true Mawworm fashion. There were also several instances—and these among the most sorely afflicted—of real unaffected piety, which all Miss Fluke's coarse handling was powerless to dim. Mabel was particularly touched by the cheerful serenity of one old blind, bed-ridden man, who listened eagerly to a chapter of the Bible, read aloud in Miss Fluke's hardest and most controversial tone, and who thanked her with unmistakable heartiness when she had finished. Mabel, to whom the chapter selected had appeared singularly ill-chosen for purposes of soothing or consolation, could not resist asking the old man privately if he had really liked that, and why?

"Liked it? Ah, sure, miss," said he, in a tone of surprise. "Why, don't ye see that if my fellow-creeturs thinks of me, and cares for me enough for to come and spend their time a-reading and a-talking to a poor ignorant old man such as me, how sure and satisfied it makes me feel as our Father in Heaven—Him as is all love and mercy—won't forget me neither? Now, I dessay, I seems very lonely to you, lyin' here dark all day; but I ain't—not a bit lonely. I've allus lots to think about and blessed thoughts too."

There were few such pleasant gleams of light on the dreary, disheartening round of visits; but Miss Fluke seemed to accept the sullen looks and scant courtesy with which she was mostly received as part of the day's routine, and indeed enjoyed any opportunity of displaying her pugnacity and tenacity in the good cause.

When they came, in the course of their duty, to New Bridge Street, Mabel left her friends at the door of Mrs. Pugley's dwelling, that interesting subject being laid up with sore-throat, and Miss Fluke having brought in her pocket a large tract and a small pot of black-currant jam so as to administer at once to her spiritual and bodily requirements. Mabel had stipulated that she should be allowed to visit Corda Trescott on this very first day of her new employment, and had obtained the Misses Flukes' promise that when they had finished their visit at Mrs. Pugley's they would call for her at Number Twenty-three. They were, in fact, very willing, and even eager to do so. Their young friend had not thought it necessary to give them what slight particulars she knew as to the Trescotts' position and circumstances, but they had learned from her the story of the accident and of Clement Charlewood's kindness to the child, and were excessively curious to see little Corda. Mabel Earnshaw saw her companions enter the abode of Mrs. Pugley, and then ran swiftly up the dirty street to Number Twenty-three. She paused as if irresolute, and then knocked lightly at the door, feeling that her heart was beating a trifle more quickly than usual.

Mrs. Hutchins opened the door—which led directly into the front kitchen without any intermediate passage—and stood staring at Mabel, with a mop in one hand and a pail of very dirty hot water on the ground behind her. Mrs. Hutchins was washing the brick floor of the kitchen. It was Saturday, the day usually devoted to a general "cleaning up" by the ladies of New Bridge Street and its vicinity; and Mabel had already experienced that morning the wrathful indignation of several housewives at being interrupted in that avocation. Consequently when she saw Mrs. Hutchins throw the door wide open and stand before her arrayed in full "cleaning up" costume—canvas apron and bib, iron clogs, sleeves tucked up, and a general tone of black-lead over her dress and complexion—she was prepared to be not very civilly received.

Mrs. Hutchins stood and looked at Mabel; Mabel stood and looked at Mrs. Hutchins. At length that lady said, slowly:

"*Who* might you be inquiring for, miss?"

"Does a gentleman named Trescott live here, if you please?" said Mabel.

"Trescotts occkypies my first-floor," returned Mrs. Hutchins, majestically.

"Is his little girl in, can you tell me?"

"Yes, and ever likely to be so."

Mabel was sufficiently well acquainted with the phraseology of the lower orders in Hammerham to understand that Mrs. Hutchins did not by any means intend to imply that Corda was a prisoner to the house thenceforth for evermore, but simply that, under the present circumstances, it was natural that she should be in.

"Can I see her?" asked Mabel.

"I suppose so. I don't know as you can't."

"Be good enough to allow me to pass, then, if you please," said Mabel, resolutely; for Mrs. Hutchins stood full in the doorway, and made no attempt to remove the great pail which helped to block the passage. The woman drew aside at once. Mabel's tone of command was the best she could have adopted for attaining her pur-

pose: Mrs. Hutchins being one of those persons whom it is necessary to treat firmly, as one grasps a nettle. She had a secret contempt for people who showed her much gentleness or consideration; perhaps from a modest consciousness of not being specially entitled to either; perhaps because her weak and frivolous character found it agreeable to be compelled by a superior will, and so to avoid responsibility. At all events, Mrs. Hutchins did not resent Mabel's tone, but made way for her to pass, even with some show of moving the pail of water.

"Don't trouble yourself," said Mabel, lifting her dress and stepping neatly over the impediment. In so doing she displayed a very pretty little foot, which Mrs. Hutchins did not fail to notice, and to compare mentally with the "fairy foot" ascribed to Rosalba of Naples.

"I don't believe her'n could ha' been littler," thought Mrs. Hutchins.

"May I go up stairs? Is it the front-room?"

"I'm sorry, miss, as I can't show you the way; but I happen to be particular engaged cleaning up, and if I was to wait to take off my pattins—"

But before she could finish Mabel had thanked her and was half-way up the steep, narrow staircase.

"Now, it beats me," muttered the landlady, plunging her mop into the dirty water, and vigorously besprinkling the floor with that fluid—"it beats me how them Trescotts gets hold of people. There's young Charlewood, belongin' to one ot the first families in Hammerham; and now this here young girl, quite the lady. Her clothes is plain, but thorough good, every stitch on 'em. A 'gentleman of the name of Trescott.' Lord, if they should turn out to be somebody, them Trescotts! Alf, he certainly do bear the stamp of aristockercy imprinted legible. What a young rip he is! But Trescott's common enough; no heighth about *him.*"

Meanwhile, Mabel had reached the door of the front-room on the first-floor, and tapped at it with her fingers.

"Come in," said a silvery childish treble, and Mabel entered.

On a mean bed, covered with a patchwork quilt, lay the pretty little girl whose pale, death-like face, as she had seen it on the day of the accident, had many times haunted Mabel's memory. The pretty face was still pale, but no longer death-like, and it beamed brightly from among the soft curling tresses scattered over the pillow. Before her, so as to be within range of her eyes, was a pile of oblong books, evidently music-books, supporting a smaller volume in which the child had been reading. One hand and arm were still nearly useless; but she kept the other on her book, holding a page between her finger and thumb, so as to be able to turn over without pausing. The room, though poor, was orderly and decent—more so than Mabel had expected from the appearance of Mrs. Hutchins and the comfortless look of the house. The child herself looked neither squalid nor neglected.

Little Corda looked up wonderingly at the unexpected apparition standing in the doorway.

"How do you do, dear?" said Mabel, smiling, though something undefinably pathetic in the lonely little figure made the tears brim up into her eyes at the same time.

"Quite well, thank you, ma'am," returned Corda, with grave politeness.

"Not quite, quite, well yet, I'm afraid," said Mabel. "You don't know me. I am a friend of Mr. Charlewood, who is so kind to you. I was in that dreadful carriage that ran over you. May I come and talk to you a while?"

Mr. Charlewood's name was evidently a passport to Corda's favor; but, besides that, with the unerring instinct of an affectionate child, she felt that the gray eyes looking at her so kindly were full of real honest sympathy. Her fair delicate skin flushed a bright rose color, and she smiled back at Mabel; but she was too shy to be at all demonstrative to a stranger. So she merely answered, "Yes, if you please;" and took her thumb and finger from between the leaves of her book, as a courteous intimation that she was ready to be talked to.

Mabel sat down by the head of the bed, placing herself so that the child could see her easily, and without the necessity of moving.

"You are called Corda, are you not?" began Mabel, by way of opening the conversation.

"Yes, I'm always called Corda. But my real name is Cordelia. Cordelia Alice Mary Trescott."

"And my name is Mabel Earnshaw. Just Mabel, and nothing else."

"It's a funny name," said Corda; then added, hastily, as if fearful of wounding her new friend's feelings, "but I think it's very pretty, too."

"I am glad you like it, Corda. And are you really getting strong? Have you any pain?"

"Not now. Scarcely at all. It used to be bad at first, because, you know, one of my bones was broken in two. I forget what they call it, but Mr. Brett knows."

"Mr. Brett is the doctor, isn't he, Corda?"

"Yes; he's a very good doctor indeed. He mended my bone beautifully, papa says. And he brings me oranges, and talks to me when he has time."

Mabel, finding the child grow less shy as she became accustomed to her visitor's presence, endeavored to find out whether there were any way in which she could be useful to the little creature. But Corda seemed to have no selfish wants. Her papa was so good to her, and fond of her! she said. And Alfred was a very dear clever brother. And even Mrs. Hutchins was very kind. Of course Mrs. Hutchins was not a lady—and Corda was evidently quite capable of appreciating the refinement and charm conveyed in that word—but then she had a great many things to do, and was obliged to work very hard, and so she couldn't always be quite nice and clean, could she? Corda's face involuntarily wrinkled itself up into a queer little pucker, as sundry reminiscences of Mrs. Hutchins's personal peculiarities came vividly to her mind.

By degrees the child, feeling at her ease with Mabel, and being a trusting, artless little creature, proceeded to chat very confidentially about her family, as she was in the habit of doing with Clement Charlewood. Her papa was a very excellent musician, but he couldn't play so beautifully as Alfred, because papa was subject to a nervous twitching of one side, which was apt to come on when he got excited. Hadn't Mabel noticed it? *She*, Corda, meant to be a singer when she grew up. She liked singing better than any thing. Except reading. She thought she almost liked reading best, especially fairy stories. The book she had there was a fairy-book. It had been given to her by a very kind lady. She had written Corda's name in the book. There it was: "To Cordelia Alice Mary Trescott, with M. W.'s kind love."

"M. W.!" said Mabel, eagerly taking up the book. "I know some one whose name begins with those letters. Tell me, Corda—" But at this moment the door was flung wide open, and Miss Fluke, followed by her sister Louisa, marched into the room. Miss Fluke's ordinary gait was a march. She was very upright, very broad in the chest, very stiff in the neck, and had a habit of staring straight before her like a soldier on drill. She stopped short, in some surprise, seeing the little patient whom she had been told was so ill, flushed and smiling, and leaning with one small hand on Mabel's shoulder as she bespoke her attention to the writing in the book. Corda started, and moved as well as she could yet nearer to Mabel, who took the hand that had been resting on her shoulder between hers and held it encouragingly.

"So this is the little girl that was run over," said Miss Fluke. "I hope you are thankful to Providence for your escape, little girl, and that it'll be a warning to you."

Corda looked at Miss Fluke with wide eyes, like a frightened hare, and whispered, timidly, "Yes, ma'am."

"These ladies are friends of mine, Corda, who have kindly called to see you," said Mabel. "I meant to have told you about them before, so that you might not be alar—surprised. But we have been chatting so much about other things."

"I am a district visitor, my dear," said Miss Fluke.

Corda looked a little puzzled, but, seeing that Miss Fluke expected her to speak, answered, meekly, "Thank you, ma'am."

"Don't thank *me*, child," said Miss Fluke, with great vehemence. "Thank a bounteous Providence who has allowed you to be born in a land where there *are* district visitors."

It is to be feared that Corda scarcely realized the blessing with any rapturous joy, for Miss Fluke had seated herself on the edge of the patchwork quilt, and, in the energy of her emphasis, communicated a quivering movement to the rickety bed, which jarred the slight form within it painfully. Mabel observed the child's face change, and rose to go, in the hope of drawing Miss Fluke away. But the latter was not going yet a while. Number Twenty-three New Bridge Street was fresh ground for her—virgin forest, untrodden pasture—and she set herself to explore it with great keenness and zest. Miss Fluke's method of procedure on these occasions was simple, direct, and vigorous. It consisted in asking a series of point-blank questions, so couched as to make evasion impossible, short of refusing to answer altogether.

"Now, little girl, what is your name? Cordelia? Absurd name for a child of your class! Now, Cordelia, tell me who are your father and mother, and why isn't one of them at home to look after you?"

"I haven't got a mother, ma'am," said Corda, timidly; "she died when I was a baby. And papa is gone to treasury."

"Gone to *what?*"

"To treasury, ma'am. It's Saturday, you know."

"I don't understand you, Cordelia," said Miss Fluke, severely. It was a case for severity, doubtless. When Miss Fluke did not understand something said there was surely implied some strange and reprehensible shortcoming on the part of the speaker.

"She means," said Mabel, hurriedly coming to the rescue, "that her father has gone to receive his weekly salary."

"I never heard such an expression in all my life. Treasury! Well, Cordelia"—it is impossible to express how hard and ugly Miss Fluke contrived to make her utterance of poor Corda's name; and she seemed, too, to lengthen it out mysteriously into some six syllables—"and is your father a Christian?"

Great astonishment in Corda's hazel eyes. "Oh yes, of course, ma'am."

"Not at all of course, I grieve to say, Cordelia. Very far from of course. However, I hope and trust he may be. Does he attend to your spiritual health?"

The hazel eyes yet more bewildered, and turning from Miss Fluke to Mabel, and back again.

"Does he look after your soul, Cordelia? Has he taught you to know that you're a wretched, lost, sinful little girl, full of iniquity and hardness of heart?"

A look of terror in the bright eyes fixed on Miss Fluke, and a self-accusing blush on Corda's cheek.

"I know I'm naughty sometimes, ma'am, but papa always forgives me."

"Oh dear me!" said Miss Fluke, turning to her sister. "Dear, dear, dear me! There it is. No sense of sin. None whatever."

Corda, though considerably puzzled, understood very well that blame was being cast, not only on herself but on her father; and the tears she had been struggling to keep down overflowed her eyes, and began to trickle piteously down her face and drop on the coverlet of the bed.

Mabel could bear it no longer. "I really must go, Miss Fluke," said she. "Mr. Saxelby and mamma will be displeased if I am late for dinner. Besides, I think Corda is not strong enough yet to bear much talking to. I had tired her already before you came."

Miss Fluke was very reluctant to quit the scene of action; but she acknowledged to herself that it was getting late in the afternoon, and she had other duties to attend to. So she yielded to Mabel's suggestion, and arose from the bedside with another jerk.

"I shall come again next Saturday, please God," said she to Corda. "Meanwhile, read this, and this, and this," thrusting a packet of penny tracts on the child. "I see you *can* read. Now, good-by, and try to profit by those blessed words."

"I will try to come again," whispered Mabel, bending over the sweet, plaintive face. "Don't cry, darling! The lady did not mean to be unkind to you. I will send you some story-books, Corda. Fairy tales. And you must tell me about M. W., who gave you that book."

Mabel hastily arranged the child's head more comfortably on the pillow, put her story-book within reach of her hand again, and ran down stairs after the Misses Fluke.

On their way out of the house they encountered a strikingly-handsome young man entering it, who touched his hat somewhat sulkily, and stood to stare long and fixedly after them as they walked down the street.

## WINGLETS

### FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR WEEKLY,—To-day I accompanied those illustrious colored folks, the Japanese, to the State Department for the purpose of having an interview with Mr. SEWARD, who thinks of buying some building lots in Japan. Chief Commissioner UNG-ONIONSETT, accompanied by FAT-TOM-MATO, with their secretaries and their interpreter, arrived at the Department about half past 12 o'clock. Mr. SEWARD and his son FREDERICK had just been to lunch, and the Secretary therefore felt in good condition; which I was glad to see, as I was desirous that my friends should have a good opinion of our Tycoon "tender."

During the short and pleasant interview that ensued the following conversation took place:

THE SECRETARY OF STATE. "I am happy to see you here. Did you come by way of Camden and Amboy?"

UNG-ONIONSETT. "We came the way men come."

The question was evidently not understood.

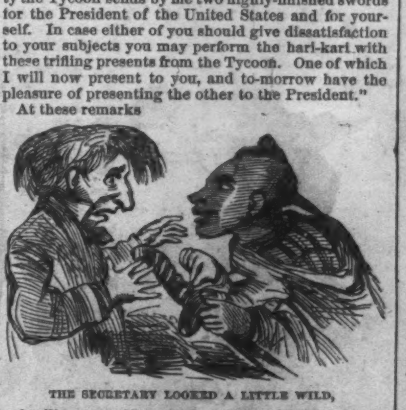
The Secretary then turned to me and said: "How long have your friends been in this country, and how do they express themselves about it?"

I replied in Japanese, through the interpreter: "About two months, and by the Adams Express Company." At this remark the two servants laughed, to show that they understood my Japanese.

THE SECRETARY OF STATE TO UNG-ONIONSETT. "Is this your first visit to America?"

UNG-ONIONSETT. "No, Sir. I came here some years since with the embassy sent at that time by His Majesty the Tycoon. Then your President was called the Old Public Functionary, and, if I am rightly informed, your present President had just sold out his tailor shop and was running for Alderman in his native State. Then we took home a great many horse-rakes, rocking-chairs, bottles of hair tonic to prevent baldness, and other valuable presents. I did not make your acquaintance then, but I am happy to do it now. I take the liberty to express to you the best wishes for the health of the President of the United States, as well as that of the Secretary of State; and His Majesty the Tycoon sends by me two highly-finished swords for the President of the United States and for yourself. In case either of you should give dissatisfaction to your subjects you may perform the hari-kari with these trifling presents from the Tycoon. One of which I will now present to you, and to-morrow have the pleasure of presenting the other to the President."

At these remarks



THE SECRETARY LOOKED A LITTLE WILD,

and calling me aside, asked me if I could dissuade the Commissioner from making that proposition to the President, as he had no doubt his high-toned chivalry would prompt him on the first provocation from Congress to let things rip.

I told the Secretary that I would try. I then addressed the Commissioners as follows: "The custom of the hari-kari is now unknown in this country, but once introduced among our public men the most disastrous consequences would follow. Custom-house officers, Government printers, and others, not knowing how long their superiors would be in office, consequently themselves, would commence their stealings from the word Go. The appointing power would have no bowels of mercy (nor indeed any other kind long), for as no one is appointed to office without grossly displeasing, not to say insulting, ninety-nine disappointed applicants for the same office, a deaf ear must be turned to all appeals, or else appoint your friend, and then, in the language of our eminent Secretary, 'let things rip.' So that, all things considered, the presentation service of the hari-kari short swords had better be omitted, at least during the term of the present President and his amiable Secretary." [Long and continued applause.]

Mr. SEWARD now stepped forward toward the Commissioners and said: "It has always been our endeavor to make the relations between the two countries mutually beneficial, and that is the wish of the President of the United States."

This remark of the Secretary was not understood by the Commissioners, for FAT-TOM-MATO asked if the President had any relations in Japan that he wished looked after, as he would be most happy to hunt them up.

The Secretary explained his meaning, and continued: "I suppose the Commissioners will have some time to spend in Washington."

UNG-ONIONSETT. "Yes; and when we get our gold changed into paper we will have some money to spend also."

At this remark of the First Commissioner the whole embassy laughed heartily.

MR. SEWARD. "One of the first and most pleasant duties that I shall have to perform will be to introduce you to the President of the United States.

HE IS NOW LAYING BACK ON HIS DIGNITY,

but to-morrow by half past eleven he will be through with it, and he will then be most glad to see the Commissioners."

UNG-ONIONSETT. "We will be most happy, indeed, to be presented to him. We would like to see some of his tricks. We hear that he can ride on two horses at once, and carry water on both shoulders. Also, we will be glad to hear some of the music by his

CELEBRATED CONTRA BAND,

as we have heard all about these things in the newspapers in Japan."

The Chief Commissioner then read, in the original, the credentials of the Commission, to which the Assistant Secretary, Mr. F. W. SEWARD, replied in Pennsylvania Dutch.

THE SECRETARY. "You know General VAN VALKENBURG our Minister at Yeddo?"

UNG-ONIONSETT. "I know him very well; we both buy our rats of the same dealer."

MR. SEWARD. "How many people are there in Yeddo?"

UNG-ONIONSETT. "About two millions of men. We have never counted the women, but there are a great number of them, and of cats."

Mr. SEWARD then turned to a large geographical globe standing near, and inquired if they understood the use of globes—that the New York papers had said they were more intelligent than the former Commission, and he was glad to hear it.

UNG-ONIONSETT. "Yes, Sir, we study the globes, but they are different from this. Japan is very much larger, and there is more water shown. My friends who accompany me in this commission are all smart men. SUM-PUNK-KIN, the Treasurer, is the inventor of an improved praying-machine, which he made out of a clock and two sewing-machines brought over by the previous embassy; and KRAKED-KORN, my Secretary, has a ninety-nine-year lease in two of the best wrestlers in the kingdom."

SECRETARY SEWARD. "We have been buying territory not far from Japan."

UNG-ONIONSETT. "Yes, Sir, so I've heard. Are you going to move there?"

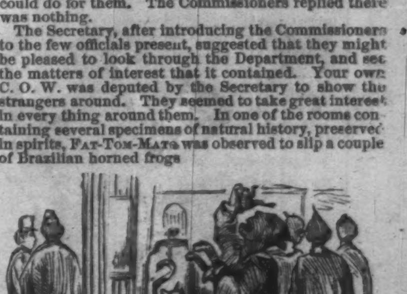
THE SECRETARY. "Oh no! We only bought it to be nearer Japan."

At this touch of diplomacy on the part of the Secretary UNG-ONIONSETT asked the price of Washington.

Being asked how they liked their quarters in Washington, the Chief Commissioner replied that they were well pleased, but that they had trouble in getting all of their clothes back from the wash, never getting more than one-third of them. The Secretary promised to look after that matter.

The Secretary asked if there was any thing more he could do for them. The Commissioners replied there was nothing.

The Secretary, after introducing the Commissioners to the few officials present, suggested that they might be pleased to look through the Department, and see the matters of interest that it contained. Your own C. O. W. was deputed by the Secretary to show the strangers around. They seemed to take great interest in every thing around them. In one of the rooms containing several specimens of natural history, preserved in spirits, FAT-TOM-MATO was observed to slip a couple of Brazilian horned frogs



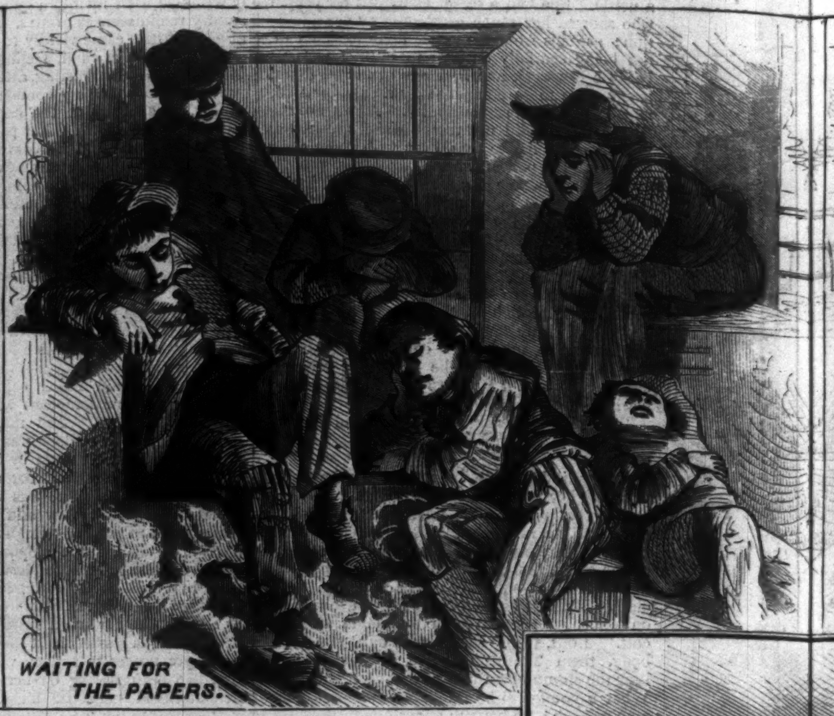
DOWN HIS THROAT

that had been presented to the Department not more than a week before by Professor AGASSIZ, and were not yet sealed up, as they were left open to change the liquor. With the exception of this little breach they demeaned themselves very creditably.

Bidding farewell to the Secretary and his Assistant we left the building, the Secretary exacting a promise from me that I should accompany the Commissioners on their interview with the President to-morrow, as the President expressed himself much delighted with our previous meeting, and that he had a very funny subject he wanted to give me for a "Winglet."

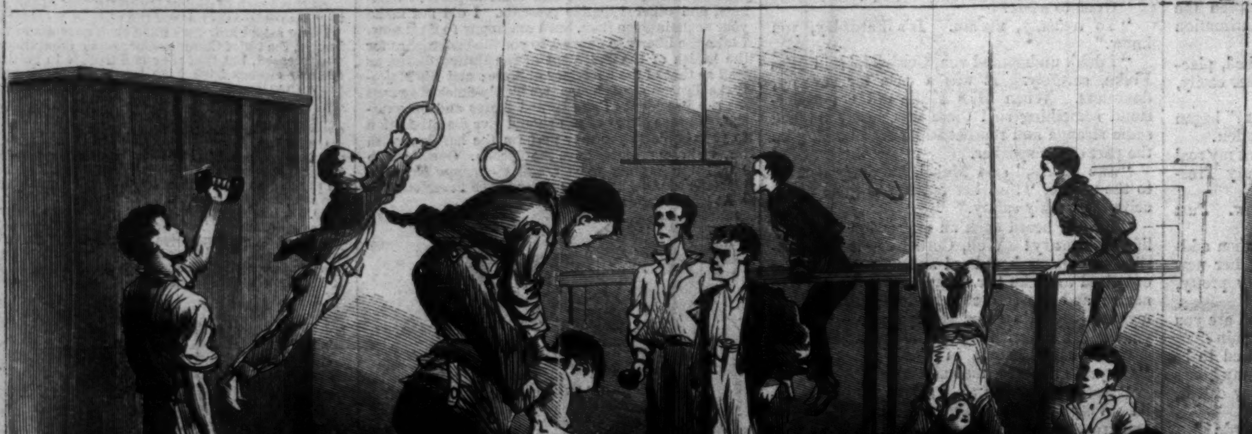
Your own C. O. W.

THE THEATRE— WHERE THEY SPEND THEIR MONEY.


WAITING FOR THE PAPERS.

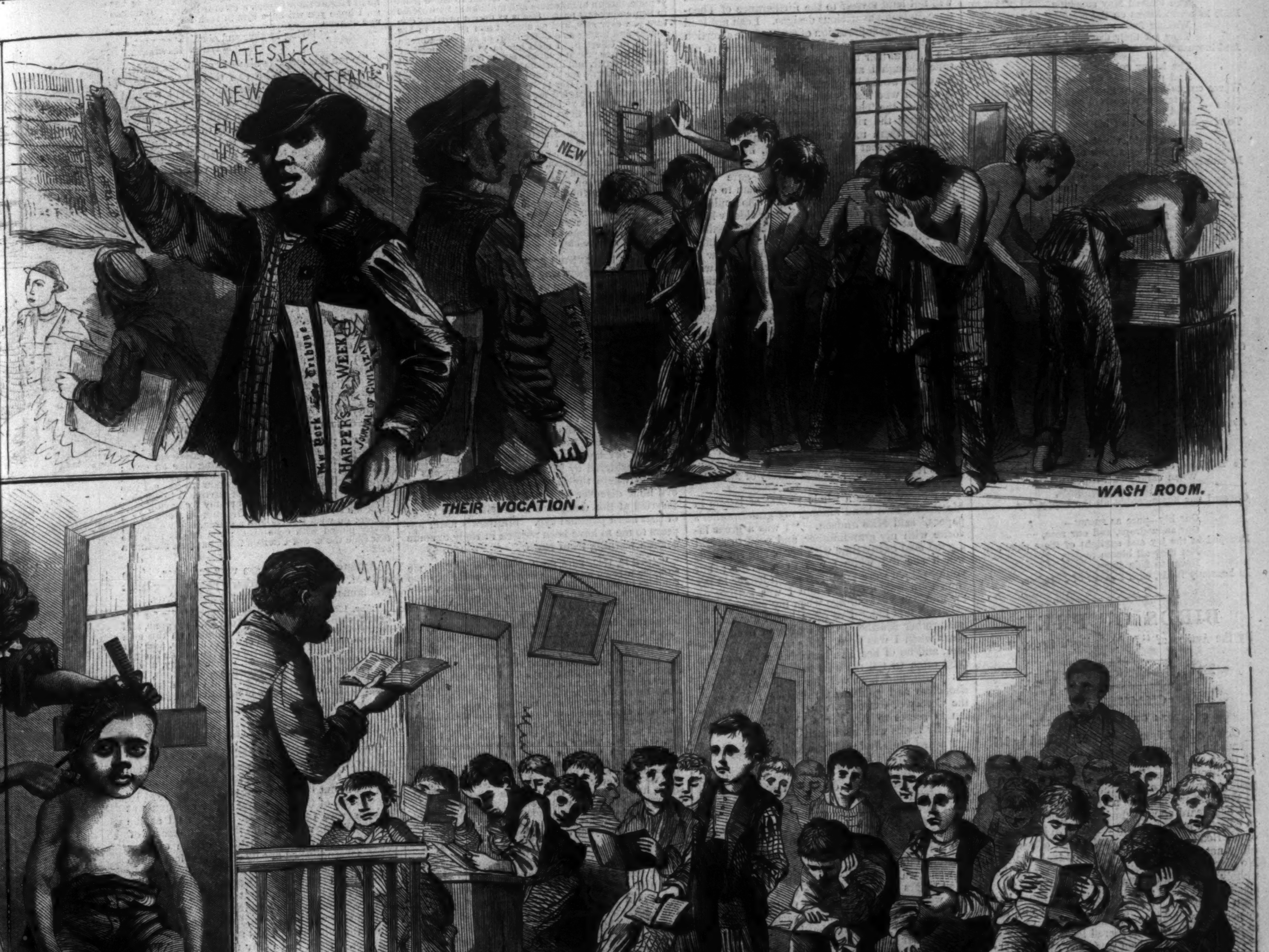
SUPPER.

THE BARBER


GYMNASIUM.

SAVINGS BANK.—MAKING DEPOSITS.

THE NEWSBOYS' LODGING-HOUSE, NEW YORK—




...ORK.—Sketched by Charles G. Bush.—[See Page 318.]

## MAY DELIGHTS.

Through groves of feath'ry pine
The blessed May sunshine
Falls in warm kisses on the sleeping flowers;
Waking from mossy beds,
They lift their drooping heads,
And incense floats through all the woodland bowers.

The happy robin sings,
'And plumes his shining wings
Where crocus buds are glist'ning, gold and white;
A tender voice replies,
And to his mate he flies
To sing his love and all his life's delight.

Sweet, timid, violet eyes,
Through tears look to the skies,
In meadows, and by many a purling brook;
While frail anemones
Tremble beneath the trees,
And houstonias nod in every nook.

But fairer than these flowers
(First-born of sun and showers)
Is the arbutus—jewel of the spring!
With cheek of wondrous bloom,
And breath of rare perfume,
Under the shelt'ring leaves its tendrils cling.

No orange blossom holds
Within its waxen folds
A sweetness so entrancing—so divine!
Nor doth it dwell in bells
Of lilies, nor in cells
Of tuberose, or starry jessamine.

No fragrant brier rose
On velvet petal shows
A hue so rare as the arbutus-blush!
It tints no other flower:
Yet in some golden hour
Aurora's cloudlets wear the rosy flush.

O blossoms of the spring!
O gleeful birds that sing!
Ye 'mind me of the treasures of our May!
When childhood's lisped words,
Sweeter than singing-birds,
Cheered our home-garden all the happy day.

Our lily—pure as snows—
Our snow-drops, and our rose,
Drooped in the joy and sunlight of these skies;
But they all bloom to-day,
Never to fade away,
In heavenly fields, with flowers of Paradise.

# BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

### Book V.—Relics of the Dead.

## CHAPTER IV.

### GLIMPSES OF A BY-GONE LIFE.

*October* 10. I found the villa inhabited by Miss Hezekiah Judson very easily, and found it one of those stiff square dwelling-houses with brass curtain-rods, prim flower-beds, and vivid green palings, only to be discovered in full perfection in the choicer suburb of a country town.

I had heard enough during my brief residence in Ullerton to understand that to live in the Lancaster Road was to possess a diploma of respectability not easily vitiated by individual conduct. No disreputable persons had ever yet set up their unholy Lares and Penates in one of those new slack-baked villas; and that person must have been very bold who, conscious of moral unfitness or pecuniary shortcoming, should have ventured to pitch his tent in that sacred locality.

Miss Hezekiah Judson was one of the individuals whose shining sanctity of life and comfortable income lent a reflected brightness to the irreproachable suburb. I was admitted to her abode by an elderly woman of starched demeanor but agreeable visage, who ushered me into a spotless parlor whereof the atmosphere was of that vault-like coldness peculiar to a room which is only inhabited on state occasions. Here the starched domestic left me while she carried my letter of introduction to her mistress. In her absence I had leisure to form some idea of Miss Judson's character on the mute evidence of Miss Judson's surroundings. From the fact that there were books of a sentimental and poetical tenor among the religious works ranged at mathematically-correct distances upon the dark-green table-cover—from the presence of three twittering canaries in a large brass cage—from the evidence of a stuffed Blenheim spaniel, with intensely brown eyes, reclining on a crimson-velvet cushion under a glass shade, I opined that Miss Judson's piety was pleasantly leavened by sentiment, and that her Wesleyanism was agreeably tempered by that womanly tenderness which, failing more legitimate outlets, will waste itself upon twittering canaries and plethoric spaniels.

I was not mistaken. Miss Judson appeared presently, followed by the servant bearing a tray of cake and wine. This was the first occasion on which I had been offered refreshment by any person to whom I had presented myself. I argued, therefore, that Miss Judson was the weakest person with whom I had yet had to deal; and I flattered myself with the hope that from Miss Judson's amiable weakness, sentimentality, and womanly tenderness, I should obtain better aid than from more business-like and practical people.

I fancied that with this lady it would be necessary to adopt a certain air of candor. I therefore did not conceal from her the fact that my business had something to do with that Haygarthian fortune awaiting a claimant.

"The person for whom you are concerned is not Mr. Theodore Judson?" she asked, with some asperity.

I assured her that I had never seen Theodore Judson, and that I was in no manner interested in his success.

"In that case I shall be happy to assist you as far as lies in my power; but I can do nothing to advance the interests of Theodore Judson junior. I venture to hope that I am a Christian; and if Theodore Judson junior were to come here to me and ask my forgiveness, I should accord that forgiveness as a Christian; but I can not and will not lend myself to the furtherance of Theodore Judson's avaricious designs. I can not lend myself to the suppression of truth or the assertion of falsehood. Theodore Judson senior is not the rightful heir to the late John Haygarth's fortune, though I am bound to acknowledge that his claim would be prior to my brother's. There is a man who stands before the Theodore Judsons, and the Theodore Judsons know it. But were they the rightful claimants I should still consider them most unfitted to enjoy superior fortune. If that dog could speak, he would be able to testify to ill-usage received from Theodore Judson junior at his own garden-gate which would bespeak the character of the man to every thoughtful mind. A young man who could indulge his spiteful feelings against an elderly kinswoman at the expense of an unoffending animal is not the man to make a worthy use of fortune."

I expressed my acquiescence with this view of the subject; and I was glad to perceive that with Miss Judson, as with her brother, the obnoxious Theodores would stand me in good stead. The lady was only two years younger than her brother, and even more inclined to be communicative. I made the most of my opportunity, and sat in the vault-like parlor listening respectfully to her discourse, and from time to time hazarding a leading question, so long as it pleased her to converse; although it seemed to me as if a perennial spring of cold water were trickling slowly down my back and pervading my system during the entire period.

As the reward of my fortitude I obtained Miss Judson's promise to send me any letters or papers she might find among her store of old documents relating to the personal history of Matthew Haygarth.

"I know I have a whole packet of letters in Matthew's own hand among my grandmother's papers," said Miss Judson. "I was a great favorite with my grandmother, and used to spend a good deal of my time with her before she died, which she did while I was in pinafores; but young people wore pinafores much longer in my time than they do now; and I was getting on for fourteen years of age when my grandmother departed this life. I've often heard her talk of her brother Matthew, who had been dead some years when I was born. She was very fond of him, and he of her, I've heard her say; and she used often to tell me how handsome he was in his youth, and how well he used to look in a chocolate and gold-laced riding-coat just after the victory of Culloden, when he came to Ullerton in secret to pay her a visit, not being on friendly terms with his father."

I asked Miss Judson if she had ever read Matthew Haygarth's letters.

"No," she said; "I look at them sometimes when I'm tidying the drawer in which I keep them; and I have sometimes stopped to read a word here and there, but no more. I keep them out of respect to the dead; but I think it would make me unhappy to read them. The thoughts and the feelings in old letters seem so fresh that it brings our poor mortality too closely home to us when we remember how little except those faded letters remains of those who wrote them. It is well for us to remember that we are only travelers and wayfarers on this earth; but sometimes it seems just a little hard to think how few traces of our footsteps we leave behind us when the journey is finished."

The canaries seemed to answer Miss Judson with a feeble twitter of assent: and I took my leave, with a feeling of compassion in my heart. I, the scamp—I, Robert Macaire the younger—had pity upon the caged canaries, and the lonely old woman whose narrow life was drawing to its close, and who began to feel how very poor a thing it had been after all.

*October* 11. I have paid the penalty of my temerity in enduring the vault-like chilliness of Miss Hezekiah Judson's parlor, and am suffering to-day from a sharp attack of influenza; that complaint which of all others tends to render a man a burden to himself and a nuisance to his fellow-creatures. Under these circumstances I have ordered a fire in my own room—a personal indulgence scarcely warranted by Sheldon's stipend—and I sit by my own fire pondering over the story of Matthew Haygarth's life.

On the table by my side are scattered more than a hundred letters, all in Matthew's bold hand; but even yet, after a most careful study of those letters, the story of the man's existence is far from clear to me. The letters are full of hints and indications; but they tell so little plainly. They deal in enigmas, and disguise names under the mask of initials.

There is much in these letters which relates to the secret history of Matthew's life. They were written to the only creature among his kindred in whom he fully confided. This fact transpires more than once, as will be seen anon by the extracts I shall proceed to make; if my influenza—which causes me to shed involuntary tears that give me the appearance of a driveling idiot, and which jerks me nearly out of my chair every now and then with a convulsive sneeze—will permit me to do any thing rational or useful.

I have sorted and classified the letters, first upon one plan, then upon another, until I have classified and sorted them into chaos. Having done this, my only chance is to abandon all idea of classification, and go quietly through them in consecutive order according to their dates, jotting down whatever strikes me as significant. George Sheldon's acumen must do the rest.

Thus I begin my notes, with an extract from the fourth letter in the series. Mem. I preserve Matthew's own orthography, which is the most eccentric it was ever my lot to contemplate:

"*December* 14, '42. Indeed, my dear Ruth, I am ventursom wear you are concurn'd, and $w^d$ tell you that I $w^d$ talk panes to kepe fromm another. I saw $y^e$ same girl $w^h$ it was my good fortun to saive from $y^e$ molestashun of raketters and mohoks at Smithfelde in September last past. She is $y^e$ derest prittiest creture you ever saw, and as elegant and genteel in her speche and maner as a Corte lady, or as $y^e$ best bredd person in Ullerton. I mett her in $y^e$ nayborhood of $y^e$ Marchalsee prison wear her father is at this pressent time a prisener, and had som pleassant talke with her. She rememberr'd me at once, and seme'd mitily gladd to see me. Mem. Her pritty blu eyes wear fill'd with teares wen she thank'd me for having studd up to be her champyun at $y^e$ Fare. So you see, Mrs. Ruth, $y^r$ brotherr is more thort off in London than with them which hav $y^e$ rite to regard him bestt. If you had seen $y^e$ pore simpel childeish creetur and heeard her tell her arteless tale, I thinke $y^r$ kinde hart $w^d$ have bin sore to considder so much unmiritted misfortun; $y^e$ father is in pore helth, a captiv, $y^e$ mother has binn dedd thre yeres, and $y^e$ pore orfann girl, Mollie, has to mentane $y^e$ burden of $y^e$ sick father, and a yung helples sister. Think of this, kinde Mrs. Ruth, in $y^r$ welthy home. Mem. Pore Mrs. Mollie is prittier than $y^e$ fineist ladies that wear to be sene at $y^e$ opening of $y^e$ grand new roome at Ranellar this spring last past, wear I sor $y^e$ too Miss Gunings and Lady Harvey, wich is alsoe accounted a grate buty."

I think this extract goes very far to prove that my friend Matthew was considerably smitten by the pretty young woman whose champion he had been in some row at Bartholomew Fair. This fits into one of the scraps of information afforded by my ancient inhabitant in Ullerton Alms-houses, who remembers having heard his grandfather talk of Mat Haygarth's part in some fight or disturbance at the great Smithfield festival.

My next extract treats again of Mollie, after an interval of four months. It seems as if Matthew had confided in his sister so far as to betray his tenderness for the poor player girl of the London booths; but I can find no such letter among those in my hands. Such an epistle may have been considered by Mrs. Ruth too dangerous to be kept where the parental eye might in some evil hour discover it. Matthew's sister was unmarried at this date, and lived within the range of that stern paternal eye. Matthew's letter appears to me to have been written in reply to some solemn warning from Ruth.

"*April* 12, 1743. Sure, my dear sister canot think me so baise a retch as to injoore a pore simpel girl hoo confides in me as $y^e$ best and trooest of mortals, wich for her dere saik I will strive to be. If so be my sister cou'd think so ill of me it wou'd amost temt me to think amiss of her, wich cou'd imagen so vile a thort. You tel me that Mrs. Rebecka Caulfeld is mor than ever estemed by my father; but, Ruth, I am bounde to say, my father's esteme is nott to be $y^e$ rule of my ackshuns thro' life, for it semes to me their is no worser tyrrannie than $y^t$ wich fathers do striv to impose on there children, and I do acount that a kind of barbarity wich wou'd compel $y^e$ hart of youth to sute $y^e$ proodense of age. I do not dout but Mrs. Rebecka is a mitey proper and well natur'd person, tho' taken upp with this new sekt of methodys, or as sum do call them in derission swaddlers and jumpers, set afoot by $y^e$ madbrain'd young man, Wesley, and one that is still madder, Witfelde. Thear ar I dare sware many men in Ullerton wich wou'd be gladd to obtane Mrs. Rebecka's hand and fortun; but if $y^e$ fortun wear ten times more, I won'd not preetend to oferr my harte to herr $w^h$ can never be its misteress. Now, my deare sister, having gone as farr towards satisfieing all $y^r$ queerys as my paper wou'd welle permitt, I will say no more but to begg you to send me all $y^e$ knews, and to believe that none can be more affectionately $y^r$ humble servant then your brother.

"Mathew Haygarth."

In this extract we have strong ground for supposing that our Matthew truly loved the player-girl, and meant honestly by his sweet-heart. There is a noble indignation in his repudiation of his sister's doubts, and a manly determination not to marry Mrs. Rebecca's comfortable fortune. I begin to think Sheldon's theory of an early and secret marriage will turn up a trump card; but Heaven only knows how slow or how difficult may be the labor of proving such a marriage. And then if we can find documentary evidence of such an event, we shall have but advanced one step in our obscure path, and should have yet to discover the issue of that union, and to trace the footsteps of Matthew's unknown descendants during the period of a century.

I wonder how Sisyphus felt when the stone kept rolling back upon him. Did he ever look up to the top of the mountain and calculate the distance he must needs traverse before his task should be done?

The next letter in which I find a passage worth transcribing is of much later date, and abounds in initials. The post-mark is illegible; but I can just make out the letters P.O. and L. The two first close together, the third after an interval; and there is internal evidence to show that the letter was written from some dull country place. Might not that place have been Spotswold? the P.O. and the L. of the post-mark would fit very well into the name of that village. Again I leave this question to the astute Sheldon.

The date is March 1749.

"M. is but porely. Sumtimes I am pain'd to believe this quiett life is not well suted to herr disposishun, having bin acustumed to so much livlinesse and nois. I hav reproched her with this, but she tolde me with teres in her eys, to be neare mee and M. and C. was to be happie, and $y^t$ it is il helth onlie wich is $y^e$ cawse of $y^e$ sadnesse. I pray heaven M.'s helth may be on $y^e$ mending hand soone. Little M. grows more butifull everry day; and indede, my dear sisterr, if you cou'd stele another visitt this waye, and oblidge $y^r$ affectionat brother, you wou'd considerr him $y^e$ moste butifull creetur ever scene. So much enteligence with sich ingaging temper endeares him to all hartes. Mrs. J. says she adors him, and is amost afraide to be thort a Paygann for bestoeing so much affection on a erthly creetur, and this to oure good parson who cou'd find no reproche for her plesant folly.

"We hav had heavy ranes all $y^e$ week last past. Sech wether can but serve to hinderr M.'s recovery. The fysichion at G., wear I tooke her, saies she shou'd hav much fresh aire everry day—if not afoot, to be carrid in a chaire or cotche; but in this wether, and in a plaice wear neeither chaire nor cotche can be had, she must needs stop in doors. I hav begg'd her to lett me carry her to G., but she will not, and says in $y^e$ summerr she will be as strong as everr. I pray God she may be so. Butt theire are times whenn my harte is sore and heavy; and the rane beeting agenst the winder semes lik dropps of cold worter falling uponn my pore aking harte. If you cou'd stele a visitt you wou'd see wether she semes worse than whenn you sor her last ortumm; she is trieing $y^e$ tansy tea; and beggs her service to you, and greatfull thanks for $y^r$ rememberence of her. I dare to say you here splended acounts of my doins in London—at cok fites and theaters, dansing at Vorxhall, and beeting $y^e$ wotch in Covin Garden. Does my F. stil use to speke harsh agenst me, or has he ni forgott their is sech a creetur living? If he has so, I hope you wil kepe him in sech forgetfullnesse—and obliage

"$y^r$ loving brother and obediant servent,
"Mathew Haygarth."

To me this letter is almost conclusive evidence of a marriage. Who can this little M. be, of whom he writes so tenderly, except a child? Who can this woman be, whose ill-health causes him such anxiety, unless a wife? Of no one *but* a wife could he write so freely to his sister. The place to which he asks her to "steal a visit" must needs be a home to which a man could invite his sister. I fancy it is thus made very clear that at this period Matthew Haygarth was secretly married and living at Spotswold, where his wife and son were afterward buried, and whence the body of the son was ultimately removed to Dewsdale to be laid in that grave which the father felt would soon be his own resting-place. That allusion to the Ullerton talk of London roysterings indicates that Matthew's father believed him to be squandering the paternal substance in the metropolis at the very time when the young man was leading a simple domestic life within fifty miles of the paternal abode. No man could do such a thing in these days of rapid locomotion, when every creature is more or less peripatetic; but in that benighted century the distance from Ullerton to Spotswold constituted a day's journey. That Matthew was living in one place while he was supposed to be in another, is made sufficiently clear by several passages in his letters, all more or less in the strain of the following:

"I was yesterday—markett-day—at G., wear I ran suddennly agenst Peter Browne's eldest ladd. $Y^e$ boy openn'd his eyes wide, stearing like an owle; butt I gaive him bakk his looke with interrest, and tolde him if he was curiouse to know my name, I was Simon Lubchick, farmer, at his servise. $Y^e$ pore simpel ladd arsk'd my pardonn humbly for having mistook me for a gentelman of Ullerton—a frend of his father; on wich I gaive him a shillin, and we parted, vastly plesed with eche other; and this is nott the fust time the site of Ullerton fokes has putt me into a swett."

Among later letters are very sad ones. The little M. is dead. The father's poor aching heart proclaims its anguish in very simple words.

"*Nov.* 1751. I thank my dear sister kindly for her frendlinesse and compashin; butt, ah, he is gone, and their semes to be no plesure or comforte on this erth without him! onlie a littel childe of 6 yeres, and yett so dere a creetur to this harte that the worlde is emty and lonely without him. M. droopes sadly, and is more ailing everry day. Indede, my dere Ruth, I see nothing butt sorrow before me, and I wou'd be right gladd to lay down at peece in my littel M.'s grave."

## MY FRIEND THE MAJOR.

The evening shadows had risen out of valley and river, the light in the west had changed from yellow to red and from red to gray, and the stars had come out bravely; but still two girls sat by the window of the darkening parlor of a house at Broomsgrove talking about love. And as the twitter of the swallows and the hoarse scream of the blackbird and the rustling of the evening breezes were hushed one by one, the voices of the two became lower, until at last in whispers only each painted "the bright ideal of her dreams." I suppose that in this they but followed the example of very many young girls from the earliest ages until now. It is true that in the present instance the said bright ideal seemed of remote realization. Both had many times mounted into the tower of hope, and looking afar off had cried, like poor unlucky Fatima: "Sister, sister, do you see any body coming?" but only to be told that she who looked saw but a cloud of dust.

And yet their Cousin Charley was coming home. He was nobody, however. Years before, a mere curly-headed boy had left them for the army. "He was less than nobody," said Clara, the eldest of the girls, "for he was just at the age when boys are only fit to be put under a tub. The sword that he was so proud of, why, he seemed to be fastened to it rather than it to him; now was not it so, Julia?" And Julia rather absently answered that it was.

The door opened. "Girls, tea is on the table," said mamma, a very stately old lady, with a world of mystery in her spectacles and a forest of frilling in her cap. The two started up and hurried down stairs. Mr. Powers, their father, was already there; and as he was excessively fond of the company of military men the sisters were not in the least surprised to find two gentlemen seated; nor did they think more than a nonchalant bow necessary when the gentlemen rose.

"Colonel Montague, my daughter Julia; Major, my daughter Clara; young ladies, let me introduce to you the Colonel and his friend the Major." And then the celebration of the mysterious rites of the urn began.

"As I was saying, Major," said Mr. Powers, resuming a conversation broken off by the entrance of his daughters, "I always thought that flank movement of yours the very best thing I ever heard of. No doubt the Colonel is of the same opinion, hey, Colonel? It does me good to find that our days are not so degenerate as some would have thought they were."

"It saved the day," said the Colonel, coolly sipping his tea.

"And then that final charge of the whole brigade—by Heavens, it was glorious!"

"It was pretty well done," replied the Major, as he declined more toast with a grave bow.

"Well, the loss was rather heavy, was it not?" continued the host.

"Yes, about fifteen hundred; but the enemy suffered far more, besides being dislodged from a position of great importance," replied the Major, who added, rather hastily: "These military details can hardly be interesting to these young ladies, my dear Sir."

Interesting! The Major did not know how the vivid imaginations of "these young ladies" pictured what these two sedate gentlemen would

look like amidst all the turmoil and struggle of the battle-field, and how that aspect of latent power which soldiers who have seen service wear impressed them both, quite apart from the fact that both were strong and handsome men. The Colonel and his friend the Major were contrasts of manly beauty, however. The first was tall and dark—dark as to his skin, jet black as to hair and beard; the second very fair, with blue, searching eyes, a silky mustache, and with hair as soft as his mother used to say hers was when she was a little girl.

But in spite of these advantages the young ladies began, when the conversation flowed into new channels and the party adjourned to the drawing-room, to think them not quite so "nice" as they seemed when they talked of dangers they had passed. It was provoking to see the self-possession which both maintained. The almost indifference with which the Colonel handed Julia to the piano, and the almost languor with which the Major spoke of his experiences during a short European tour—of the Opera at Paris, or London, or the Carnival at Rome, or the glaciers of Switzerland—were positively tiresome, though the ladies, who felt provoked, would not have acknowledged it for the world. The gentlemen ought to have paid more attention to the beauties present rather than talk of the beauties of Spain or Italy. They ought to have reverently turned over and enthusiastically admired the sisters' sketches, nor breathed a doubt of their perfection, whereas with a calm "Am I permitted?" the Colonel took a pencil from Julia's hand, and with a rapid touch added to the drawing just that artistic, truthful line which her rebellious fingers had refused to trace. Music, too! what business had two men to turn the conversation from the last imported operatic celebrity, and talk of wild airs sung away out in Western forests with no listeners but the stars. Worse than all, the Major actually sang a camp song, and played an accompaniment in a style that was a little beyond the powers of either girl as yet.

In fact, Clara and Julia felt "kind o' vexed" when they retired for the night. They called the men insufferable, and both professed great fatigue and a desire for sleep rather than gossiping—and both lay awake until the first faint light of morning began to tinge the far east sky with pearly gray.

Of course these two pretty ones looked pale at breakfast-time; and I would add, if I dared, that they seemed just the least bit in the world cross. That was bad enough; but to find the Colonel and his friend the Major down before them and bright and blooming was worse. So the latter and the old folks had most of the talk to themselves. "Your farm, Mr. Powers? Should like to see it immensely, very much interested in all that sort of thing. Horses? oh certainly! we always ride a good deal—old campaigner's habit, my dear Sir. We shall be delighted. My friend the Major shall show you a few of his flying leaps if there is an opportunity." Thus the Colonel, who added, "But, my dear young ladies, how do you spend your time this fair morning? Your excellent father insists upon exercise, of course, and if we are favored with your company—"

"We follow our own inclinations generally, Colonel, I believe," said Julia, with a saucy look. Clara said nothing, but glanced down, and became much interested in a crumb upon the table-cloth.

"Colonel, my daughters are very tolerable horsewomen, and often distance their old father. Of course they will come with us."

Oh, Clara! why did you look away and say you should prefer not to ride to-day? Oh, Julia! why didn't you say just one pleasant word? You both knew that the acquaintance of the Colonel and his friend the Major with you was too short to admit of their pressing you to reverse your ungracious decision. Most of all, how came you both, just as the Colonel and the Major and your excellent papa were mounted at the gate, to come cantering out of the stable-yard, having put on your habits more quickly than ever before. However, you said you meant a surprise, and shall not be teased if I know it. Away, away, along the lane, where you have to bend beneath the arching trees; a merry canter across the meadow, where the old cow looks up with a sort of contented wonder as we fly along; across the stubble, where the crows fly up in a crowd and make the distant trees heavy as with black fruit; past the old mill—"aha! miller, how grind the stones to-day?"—through the village of one gray church, three stores, and half a dozen cottages, and a dozen flaxen-haired children; now across the old bridge built in Colonial days; away, away, along the road that winds round the hill's foot. "Slowly, Julia, my dear, let us walk our horses a little; you are in good spirits, girl, but must be merciful." "Major, d'ye see that old ruin among the trees? A hundred men lie buried there—just wait till we get home, and I'll show you the pair of colors my grandfather took from the heart of a British regiment that was in yonder field—ay, they lie there whose good swords are rust, whose bodies are dust, but whose souls are with the saints, we trust." Now then, off we go again—a gallop this time; a turn round the little wood, and then, hurrah! a race for home.

Where was Julia's hauteur now? Blowing away with her curls, I suppose; at all events, if ever two girls had more glowing cheeks, or merrier laugh, or kinder smiles, I should like to see them. They rode gallantly too, leaving papa often far behind, good rider though he was. Whether the Colonel pressed Clara's hand when he helped her to alight I do not know, but the roses in her face blushed a deeper blush than all the kisses of the saucy wind had called up, and it was with a silent embarrassment that she went up stairs. As for Julia, she is invisible already; but the Major is standing looking in the direction she has gone, and with a quiet smile upon his face. At dinner there was a something odd in the manner of the four. At tea the same, and so all the evening. But evenings do not last forever, and the good-night must be spoken—I am sorry to say that Clara altogether forgot to include papa in the benediction. We will only violate young ladies' confidence by mentioning that when the two were alone they became silent and distraught—each wrapped in a maze of thought. At last Clara declared with a flushed face that she wished the Colonel had never come into the house.

"But why," said Julia, "does he call him only my friend the Major?"

"Him—who?"

"Why the Major, of course."

"Oh, him! I don't know; it is of little consequence; both will be gone soon."

"Of course—but I was thinking—but good-night, sister dear."

Next day came as next days will. Shooting this time. Yet another day, and fishing was the sport. And again no word of "good-by." Then a wet day. Nobody could stir out. "How delightful—my girls play billiards as well as any champion in the States," says papa. "A very healthy exercise for wet weather," says mamma. Of course the military men are in raptures—they have played a little too; but what a prosaic affair when their opponents have only been Jack this and Tom that, and how glorious to see two handsome girls bending their graceful forms over the field of green, and pocketing heartquakes as fast as they pocketed the rolling ivories! And so from day to day pleasure after pleasure lights up a happy time until at last the wonder is how long these pleasant men intend to stay. Mamma says she does not know, papa declares he can not part with them for ever so long. "What do you say, young people; don't you think we could endure them a little while longer? I think them very gentlemanly, agreeable fellows, don't you?"

"What nonsense, papa!"

Just so. What nonsense for both to run out of the room, and what dreadful nonsense for papa and mamma to look at each other and smile, and then for papa to get up and kiss the old lady without any just cause or pretext. But if this was nonsense, what an immense kind was it for those two soldier fellows to be walking with those young women that very evening when, of course, the August climate was so difficult to stand, especially by moonlight! Then to sit down upon garden seats regardless of colds in the head, and keep on talking, talking till they must have been perfectly sick of one another, especially as they were too lazy to speak above a whisper. Besides, why can't people be content with keeping in-doors.

Don't imagine that they are making love—at least they were not at just forty minutes after they had stepped out of the drawing-room windows for exactly five minutes' stroll; for by that time the Major was silent, and the Colonel was having all the say to himself. In fact, the Colonel was telling a story, often promised before, of an affair in which his friend the Major had saved his life.

"Do you see this scar?" said he, removing a thick curl from his temple—"I got it on that night."

"Yes, yes," said the sisters, with a shudder, as the pale moon showed them the blue seam where some cruel blow had fallen, "oh, go on!"

"Well, it happened—but would you really like the story?"

"How cruel you are, Colonel, to trifle with us!" And by a sort of instinct the four drew closer together, and the Colonel spoke:

"Lawrence had been sacked; old men, women, and children had been slaughtered without mercy, their homes leveled with the ground. Need I say how every man who, not being a fiend, heard the news ground his teeth with rage and longed for vengeance? Need I say with what stern joy I learned that my regiment of gallant *sabreurs* were ordered in pursuit of the guerrilla devil and his blood-stained crew? We took little time for preparation—'Boots and Saddles' rang out cheerily, and we were soon upon the road. We traveled with great rapidity, and along the route had no need to ask our way, for the yet smoking ashes of cottages, and the gashed form of many an aged or feeble noncombatant dotted the way. We had been clattering along for about eight hours when we heard that the guerrillas had divided into two parties, each moving toward one of two little villages about thirty miles from each other, and each about ten miles ahead. Our own force was therefore at once also divided—I took about a hundred and fifty men, the Ma.o- about the same number—all the rest, in fact. Striking off a little to the right I left him, the plan being to meet at the point of separation after the work was done. By this time it was evening. The month was August, as you may remember. The weather was oppressively hot, and the command were pretty well used up; so that after riding, as we thought, at least ten miles more, and seeing no rebels, a halt was called, and a short rest ordered. Then we went a little further; again halted, it being night, and prepared to picket the horses where we were and make the best of it till daybreak. Sentries were posted, rations unpacked, and a long time had not elapsed before our little force was all asleep, except those whose dusky forms could be seen peering into the darkness for hidden foes, or listening for distant sounds that might betoken an enemy's approach.

"I do not know how it was, for I am generally wakeful before going into action, as to-morrow I supposed inevitable; but certain it is that I had no sooner lain down, with my saddle for a pillow and the mossy grass for my bed, than I fell fast asleep. Dreaming, ladies—dreaming of home, of faces hundreds of miles away. I thought I was returning to those I had left years before, and as I glided along, as dreamers do, I saw well-remembered scenes—lands and meadows and gardens where I had played while yet a boy, and many a cottage whose inmates I knew well. How long I thus slept I know not, nor what awoke me, but my waking was sudden, and my faculties on the alert as if by an instantaneous shock. I gazed all around—all was quiet. A little distance from me were the recumbent forms of the troopers stretched in all sorts of attitudes upon the turf, and all slumbering. The only sound was the occasional clinking of steel bits, or the buzz of insects that seemed to fill the air. I tried to return to my dreaming, but could not. There was something which kept me awake. A 'stillness which was not repose' weighed upon me with a strange heaviness, and inspired me, not exactly with dread, but with a sense of mystery. I instinctively felt for my revolver. It was all right; and finally, soundly rating myself for my folly, I tried yet once more to court the drowsy god—this time with a kind of doze for my reward. But I did not doze long, for once more I awoke, this time with a violent start. Well was it that I did awake; for close to me—as close as either of you, ladies—crept a dark form, nearer, nearer, until I could see in its hand a long knife which it held lifted for a blow. I never could tell why I did not at once spring from the ground, but only lie there until the figure stood motionless before me, gazing down on my face with savage, glittering eyes. For a minute, which seemed an age of suspense, he thus looked at me and I at him. Soon a slight movement as if to turn the sleeve of a coat far back aroused me, and I was collecting my strength for a bound to my feet, when a hand grasped mine with a slow, stealthy motion that made my flesh creep and my blood stand still. But the grasp was a friendly one, and of a kind, ladies, that you can not know unless you meet with a certain kind of brother. Of course, in obedience to the evident wish of the second unknown, I lay perfectly still, hearing, as I did so, a low breathing at my side. I declare that the interest of the scene did not prevent even the annoyance produced by the said breathing which tickled my ear. At length the man before me stepped one pace nearer, then turned and looked cautiously around as he raised his arm to strike. That look was his last, for that instant a pistol-shot woke up all the echoes and almost stunned me, fired, as it was, close over me, and the midnight prowler fell down headlong, burying his knife to the hilt in the ground close to my head.

"In an instant the whole camp was in an uproar, and the men, rushing to their horses, began to mount like lightning. There was no need for further alarm, however, and quiet was soon restored, and the Major, for it was he, was left with me to tell me all he knew. It was this: That he had had a skirmish with a few guerrillas, who made off without injury; that he concluded to move toward me, and had in fact arrived within a quarter of a mile of my command, and there encamped as I had done; that he had communicated with and passed through my pickets, leaving a captain in charge of his own force; that all this had been done without my knowledge; that he had lain down near me; that he had seen the guerrilla assassin approach, and had shot him dead just in time. We afterward found one of our pickets stone-dead, having been done to death by the same knife that had sought my heart. He was an Indian, ladies—none of Quantrell's white blackguards would have ventured, as he did, into that sleeping camp, to strike at its chief, but he was of Quantrell's gang nevertheless. Next day we had some fighting, but not much, for as we came upon about fifty of the fellows we were after their flight was as quick as the words 'wheel about, charge!'"

"And the wound?" asked Clara, with her whole face quivering with emotion.

"Oh, that was nothing! The gentleman who paid me this midnight visit was in such a hurry to fall flat on his face when his brain was perforated by a bullet that he was careless with that knife of his. As he fell, down it came firmly gripped in his fist, and just cut my temple open and a lock of my hair off as it planted itself. It soon got well—the wound, not the knife, of course—and as Charley Davenport took care of me—"

"Charley Davenport!" cried both sisters in a breath.

"'Cousin Charley' you used to call me," said the Major, with a profound bow.

"My dear cousin; why did you not tell us—you have grown so and are so much changed," said Julia, tremulously.

"Not much in one respect," said he, in a low voice.

Then the two fell a-talking, which was rude, as the Colonel and Clara evidently thought, for they went away together, but they were not missed.

Neither of those couples came into the house again for a full hour, and when they did come looked so comically flustered that once more papa and mamma glanced at each other in a knowing, loving way. However, the business was all settled next day, and in a month Charley, or "his friend the Major," and Colonel Montague had entered upon the "second epoch of the life of man."

Alas that two such lasses must go away from such a home; but the Service, gentle reader, the Service! There was a farewell feast, in preparing which mamma's spectacles looked more formidable than ever, although she had to take them off and wipe them very often. It was a merry party, and all the village came to it. In spite of the parting to come, "birds were singing, bells were ringing, and all the world was gay;" while the girls cried and smiled by turns, and the two soldiers felt almost like brigands, as standing by each was one who he

"Strove, and not in vain,
To soothe her leaving that dear home she may not see again."

"But tell me, Julia," said papa, when the last farewell had nearly been spoken, "did not you really know Charley at first?"

"No, papa. I was very fond of him a long time ago, but that was in a different way, you see. You know they say that Love is blind, and I suppose I was too."

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The Artist who takes Pains with his Drawing.

By Order.—In Paris they have a phrase for things which are not necessaries—things which people need not have, and sometimes would be better without: they call them *articles de luxe*. Henceforth the expression is to be changed to *articles de Luxemburg*.

A certain old lady of our acquaintance who had never traveled in the cars resolved last year to visit Boston. She had no sooner alighted from a car than a man took hold of her arm with the usual "Take a cab?" Looking him full in the face she drawled out, hesitatingly: "Wa'al, I donno. Be they good tu eat?"

The Sound Sleeper's Paradise.—Snoring.

Not a Great Disappointment.—It is now doubtful whether the French Emperor will make the contribution to the Paris Exhibition that was expected from him—a piece of Holland.

Awful Effects of Growing Old.—In an obituary notice of an old citizen an Ohio paper says, "He was honest and industrious until enfeebled by disease and age."

What part of a ship is good for youngsters?—The spanker.

"An Abridgment of all that is Pleasant."—We read that a Mr. Dancer has succeeded in taking photographic portraits in collodion so small that they are wholly invisible to the naked eye. How delightful if one could only have some of one's friends done in this way—we mean, of course, those friends one likes the better the less one sees of them.

When is a new boot like foliage in autumn?—When it leaves the tree.

Wanted—A nut-cracker suitable for cracking jokes.

Rabelais, the facetious divine, laid a wager that he would make a declaration of love in the pulpit; accordingly he took these words for his text from the Canticles: "It is for you, woman, that I die."

Why is a laundress like an insult?—Because she gets up your collar.

The grain that is up earliest—Sun-ryes.

A Scriptural student, who has just heard of the Russian treaty, says Uncle Sam is like the prodigal son, because he is wasting his substance in a fur country.

Half a dozen superb sharks were on sale in the Paris fish market during one day only, lately. The shark is an article of diet now in that gay city.

### TRUE AND FAST.

What every one knows is
That some one supposes
That Florida's roses
Are nothing but paint.
Such suspicions would grieve her,
So let it be known,
They're so truly her own
That they won't even leave her,
When she's in a faint.

A genuine "pahdee," quite aged, living some miles out of town, came into a telegraph office one day to sell some "praties," and seeing the instruments, battery, etc., wondered if *that* was the *telligraft*. After gazing steadily for several minutes, he said he had always wanted to ask *one* question; and this is it, "*Is the wire hollow on the outside or on the inside?*"

An Irishman remarked of a lady who had been very kind to him—"Bedad she's a perfect gintleman."

Many a wretch has ridden on a hurdle who has done much less mischief than utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.

Euripides was one of very few men who have been choked to death by the seed of a grape, but a great many die every day from swallowing the juice.

The Burglar's Companion.—How to bone any thing locked up. Use a skeleton key.

### MOTTOES FOR ALL.

A vain man's motto is, "Win gold and wear it"—a generous man's, "Win gold and share it"—a miser's, "Win gold and spare it"—a profligate's, "Win gold and spend it"—a broker's, "Win gold and lend it"—a fool's, "Win gold and end it"—a gambler's, "Win gold and lose it"—a wise man's, "Win gold and use it."

Newton invited a friend to dinner and forgot it. The friend arrived and found the philosopher in a fit of abstraction. Dinner was brought up for *one*. The friend, without disturbing Newton, sat down and dispatched it. Newton recovered from his reverie, looked at the empty dishes, and said, "Well, really, if it wasn't for the proof before my eyes, I could have sworn that I had not yet dined."

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE—THE BOATS PASSING CHISWICK.—[See next Page.]

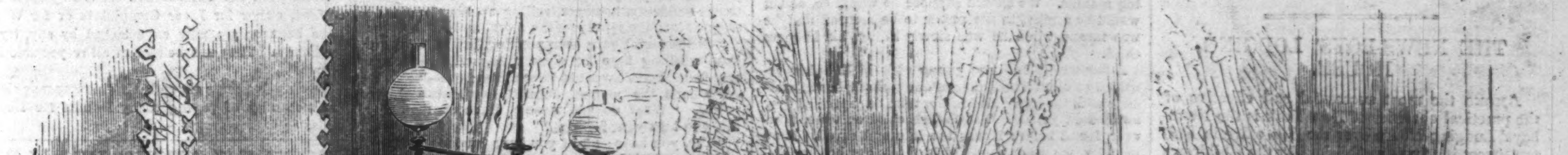
THE TUNISIAN CAFÉ IN THE PARK OF THE PARIS INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION.

## THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

The Oxford and Cambridge University Boat-race is considered by the English as the "Derby on the water;" on the day of its annual recurrence all London recognizes for once in the year the existence of the Universities; and Dons of the colleges, merchants of Cornhill, loungers at the clubs, and pot-boys and chimney-sweeps of the street are present along the river to "back their colors." On the occasion of the late race, which came off on April 13, and a spirited engraving of which will be found on page 316, four and a half miles of river shore were lined with people and carriages. Our engraving represents the scene at the moment the boats passed Chiswick. The race was one of the fastest ever made, the distance of 4¼ miles being rowed in 22 minutes 39 seconds. The ablest amateurs and the best professional watermen were alike surprised at the speed with which the race from first to last was rowed. The lightest weight among the crews was 120 pounds; the heaviest 187 pounds; and the victors carried just 14 pounds more in flesh than did the defeated. The boats led alternately in the first mile and a half, sometimes by a yard or two, sometimes by half a length, which was Cambridge's advantage 8 minutes 15 seconds after the start; but toward the end of the race Oxford gained half a length, and, in spite of the most desperate efforts of the Cambridge crew, maintained it until the flag was reached, and the race won.

## THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

Among the curious features of the Paris Industrial Palace is the department for aliments; it consists of a number of restaurants fitted and furnished in the various styles of all nations. Besides these apartments in the main building, there are also numerous *cafés* in the Park. We give this week pictures of the interior of two of the most elegant of these. The Tunisian *café* is located under the white marble palace built in the Park, a picture of which we gave in the *Weekly* for May 11. The correspondent of the *Tribune* describes it as "a cellar in aspect, with a floor of tiles, and texts of the Koran written in its cornice. It is open to the public, and a waiter in white turban and bare legs serves a mixture of chocolate and coffee in gilt half-globes of porcelain. At the side, sitting cross-legged in their stocking-feet, with red caps upon them, and bright-colored jackets, a troupe of Arabs make



THE RUSSIAN CAFÉ IN THE PARK OF THE PARIS INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION.

strange music to the accompaniment of a song. At the end of the apartment a Tunisian woman sits by the money counter—such a one as might have made bow-strings of her coal-black hair for the defense of Carthage. Her dreamy eyes are painted above and below; a string of pearls encompasses her neck; she is ripe-lipped, ripe-bodied, and bound with costly silks, while her limbs wear only tight-fitting woven hose of fleshy zephyr." In the Russian *café*, according to the same writer, pure-blooded Georgian women serve the viands, and oils, and other *delicacies* of the Northmen. The views which we give will fully illustrate the elegance and attractiveness of these places of resort.

## MARTYRS OF THE RACE-COURSE.

THE principal prison-pen at Charleston, South Carolina, during the war was on the former race-course in the suburbs of that city. Adjoining the pen was an open field in which those of our captive soldiers who died in prison were buried. Our artist gives a picture of this field on page 309. The singular title of the picture was taken by him from a rough board placed over the gate to the cemetery. "There is," he writes, "a rude desk from which the service for the dead was sometimes read. At this time a mass of tangled grass and herbage nearly hides from sight the little head-boards which mark the graves."

## THE MODERN MEDEA.

AMONG the most interesting of the pictures at the Academy of Design is that which we reproduce on page 308. The artist, THOMAS NOBLE, has illustrated one of the horrors of the institution of Slavery as it formerly existed, and produced a vigorous and interesting work, although it is on a repulsive subject. The painting is not a mere fancy sketch; it is really historical, being the true story of a slave woman named MARGARET GARNER, who, with her children, escaped several years ago from Slavery in Kentucky to Ohio. The Fugitive Slave Law was then in existence, and her master pursued her. She secreted herself in the house of some of her people, and with their help for some time evaded pursuit. At last her hiding-place was discovered. She defended herself from the attacks of her master and the officers of the law, but was driven from one room of the house to another and finally hemmed in and surrounded. The door of the apartment in which she had taken refuge was broken open, and the pursuers entered to behold the horrible scene which the artist has so powerfully depicted. MARGARET GARNER, with a far nobler jealousy than that which actuated the mythical Medea, finding her children were about to be given up to the slavery she had endured, seized a knife and took the lives of two of them. Before she could slay the others she was seized by her horror-stricken but heartless pursuers. After her capture she sank into speechless stupor, and while being returned to slavery eluded the watchfulness of her guard and plunged into the Ohio River and found freedom there.

## THE NEWS-BOYS' LODGING-HOUSE.

AMONG the most successful and effective of the practical charities of New York is the News-boys' Lodging-House over the *Sun* office in Fulton Street. It was established by the Children's Aid Society of New York in 1854, and the present plain but neat and well-ventilated rooms were rented. The object of the institution is to reach homeless and friendless boys, who would otherwise continue to be street-vagrants, and to rescue them from the perils of vice and sufferings of poverty. Our engraving on pages 312 and 313 illustrate at once the features of this noble charity and the career of the news-boys. Through the attractions of the home thus provided for them they are led from the vicious haunts at places of amusement, and rescued from exposed places where they wait for the papers which they sell to more agreeable and useful amusements and warmer and healthier beds. On entering the lodging-house the boys—news-boys, boot-blacks, baggage-carriers, and all such are admitted—are required to wash themselves and have their hair cut, if it requires trimming. The meal to which each is then conducted costs four cents, and his bed five cents more. Admission to the gymnasium, evening school, Sunday evening religious meeting, and the library is free. The gymnasium has proved a most valuable competitor with the places of low and vile amusement, and is greatly enjoyed by the boys. The Superintendent, Mr. C. O'CONNOR, says that "the best influence in the institution is that exerted by the Sunday evening religious meeting—a voluntary gathering of orphans and street children to listen to simple religious truth." The same officer tells us that the library books are read and reread by the boys, and the lecture-room is filled four nights of each week with a good number intent upon gaining knowledge in the elementary branches of a common-school education. The library, being composed of odd volumes contributed by various friends, is naturally much mixed in character, embracing every variety of books from Holy Writ to Patent-Office Reports. The boys are evidently very fond of books of adventure, for dozens of copies of "Robinson Crusoe" and similar works of adventure have been literally "thumbed" to pieces. All persons having an excess of books of narrative and adventure suitable for juvenile readers can make wise disposal of them by sending them to the News-boys' Library, at No. 128 Fulton Street.

Among other curious features of the institution is the "Savings-Bank," in which the boys deposit their pence for safe-keeping. Many of the statistics of the House are very curious and interesting. Last year 8192 boys were lodged; about one-half were natives of this country, the remainder were born abroad—3009 of them in Ireland. Nearly one-fifth were under eleven years of age; the greatest proportion of the rest were aged from twelve to fifteen. Out of the total number over four-fifths could read and write. Five-sevenths of them were orphans or half-orphans. Of these 8192 children 707 were without employment, and were provided by the society with homes in the West. Of the 1362 having parents living 719 were truant or lost children who were returned to their relatives. The "Savings Bank" resulted in saving for 542 boys the nice sum of $2,121 76. The 8192 boys thus lodged contributed $2,718 79, in the shape of payments for meals and lodgings, to the support of the institution. In 1862 $10 was given by Mr. BENJAMIN J. HOWLAND, one of the trustees of the Children's Aid Society, as a fund from which to loan small sums to needy boys; additions were made to it from time to time, and in 1866 the "Howland Fund" amounted to $30. From this sum loans were made that year to the amount of $156 35, from which the borrowers realized $368 51. The police records for the same year state the encouraging fact that only eight of the boys of this Lodging-house were arrested for crime or disorderly conduct. The Lodging-house has been in operation for thirteen years. During that time 48,910 boys have been cared for, and 3751 have been returned to their friends, at a total cost of $53,815 64, of which the boys paid $14,739 74, making the net cost just *eighty cents per year for each boy*. During those years the boys saved in their Savings Bank $14,501 70. Renewed efforts are making to extend the operations of this charity, and render the House even more attractive than it now is to the boys whom it receives; and hopes are yet entertained of building a larger and more complete Lodging-house adequate to the accommodation of thousands instead of hundreds only of these "waifs of the Metropolis."

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

DETAILS of crimes of every name and nature crowd the columns of our newspapers. It is heart-sickening to read the record which a single day sends forth to the public. Take up any daily paper, run your eye over a single page, and the mere headings of the paragraphs reveal the fearful prevalence of tragic crime and base wrong-doing. Child-stealing, child-starving, and child-killing; suicides and murders; elopements, mock-marriages, and divorces; wrongs of the basest type and darkest dye—these are the topics which meet the eye, and tell their sad tale of guilt and consequent wretchedness.

Among the numerous cases which have attracted special attention and excited general indignation is that of a monster in Connecticut, who attempted to kill his little daughter, aged thirteen, by a process of deliberate torture and slow starvation. On the trial the usual plea of insanity was brought forward without avail. Since then it is said that the man appears to be in a wild frame of mind—at times almost a raving maniac. We should suppose he would be, and it would be a relief to the public to be assured that he was insane when he was slowly killing his helpless child.

A few weeks ago two young girls in Hoboken resolved to die. The father of one forbade her to associate with the other, and rather than be separated they swallowed poison. The foolish children were, however, found before it was too late and saved. More recently two other young girls of this city became disgusted with the world, and took some laudanum—an overdose, however; so it proved ineffectual. A second time they swallowed Paris green. Afterward they informed some one of the circumstance, antidotes were administered, and the romantic girls still live.

The city of Richmond has been in a ferment in regard to the "car question," which has, at length, been settled by the arrangement that four cars should be open to the general public, whites and blacks alike, and two other cars (making the entire number on the line) be appropriated exclusively for ladies and children—the company reserving the right to say who are ladies.

The Broadway bridge at the intersection of Fulton Street is still a topic of great interest for tongue and pen. It is likely to cost $25,000, although it was originally contracted to be built for $15,000.

The early days of so-called "merry May" brought a variety in weather. On "May-day" proper it, of course, alternately poured in torrents and drizzled a fine mist throughout the live-long day, to the intense disgust and immense inconvenience of the thousands of movers. The next day was as bright and charming as heart could wish; while the surprised eyes of early risers on the 3d of May looked out on snow-covered roofs and whitened yards. Only the early birds saw this unusual sight, for old Sol soon devoured the snow-flakes.

An exchange says: "Already the annual croakers are out, crying, 'No peaches,' 'Wheat winter killed,' 'Hog cholera,' 'Dead grape-vines,' 'Poor prospect for apples,' etc., etc. That's their avocation. We know two dozen professionals who croak on a salary."

The latest fashion reported from the South is one adopted by the ladies of Alabama; viz., a new style of waterfall consisting of a cocoa-nut fastened to the region of the cerebellum by ribbons. The nut being itself covered with a natural growth of brown hair artificial covering is unnecessary. A little door is made in the nut, wherein brushes, combs, scent bottles, and other little necessaries of the toilet can be conveniently carried.

It is stated that there is now on exhibition in Paris a fine picture which was purchased, before it was painted, by Mr. A. T. Stewart of this city, at the price of $12,000 in gold. The artist is Edward Dubufe, and the subject of the painting is the Parable of the Prodigal Son. The canvas is ten feet by thirty. At the left is the prodigal son feeding swine, ragged, desolate, and full of remorse. To the right is the return to his home. These are side pieces, tall and narrow. Between them, for the body of the painting, is depicted in the richest color the riotous years of the prodigal, when in a far country he wasted his substance.

The pianos sent from America to the Paris Exposition attract great attention, and their superiority over those of foreign make is not questioned. All our great firms are represented, and eminent performers make perpetual music in the American department. One writer says that the "'Overstrung' harp, as it is called in the Steinway piano, has attracted the greatest interest here from its novelty and the sweetness and power which its superior vibration gives. The best piano makers in Europe have sought the privilege of sending their workmen to examine it; and professional artists compete to play upon it."

The chief drawback to the pleasure of visiting the Exposition is, that no seats have yet been provided. One has to trudge from place to place with little chance of rest. Ladies toil about, too much interested to go away from the thousands of rare and beautiful objects to be seen, and yet too weary to look at them with the attention they deserve. In their exhaustion, perhaps, one of them rests her elbow for a moment on the case or on the pedestal where the objects are shown. Up comes an attendant and tells her that this is "forbidden." She looks wistfully round for a seat, but in vain. Even the great French picture-galleries, crowded with visitors, have not a single seat. The lady goes off in despair to some benevolent exhibitor and asks for leave to sit for a minute on an empty packing-case.

According to the matrimonial record in the Bureau of Vital Statistics of the Board of Health, there were 1018 marriages in this city during the months of January, February, and March. The youngest couple recorded were aged twenty and fifteen—bridegroom and bride respectively. The marriage in which there was the greatest disproportion in the ages of the couple was that of John Christian Kehrweider, aged seventy-three, and Eliza Sasse, aged twenty-two. The oldest couple joined in the holy bonds were aged sixty-two and seventy.

Circulating libraries are quite common in our city, but we believe that a circulating library for the benefit of a particular church and congregation is a novelty. Indeed, although there may be others, we do not know of but two in this vicinity. One is in connection with the church under the pastoral charge of Rev. Dr. Holmes of Jersey City. The other has been recently opened by the New England Congregational Church of this city. A friend having placed his private library at the disposal of the church for the time being, and additions having been made to the previously existing Sabbath-school library, there is now what is called a "Church Library" in three departments—Sabbath-school, Pastoral, and Congregational. The latter, comprising about a thousand volumes of general standard literature, constitutes a free circulating library for the benefit of the members of the church and congregation.

Married men are usually somewhat chary of having their better halves receive affectionate salutations from other gentlemen. But tastes differ in this respect, as will be inferred from the case of a newly-wedded Benedict: The bridegroom in question was a stalwart young rustic, who was known as a formidable operator in a "free fight." His bride was a beautiful young country girl, only sixteen years of age, and the twain were at a party, where a number of young folks were enjoying themselves in the good old-fashioned pawn-playing style. Every girl in the room was called on and kissed except the beautiful young bride aforesaid, and no youngster present dared to kiss her in the presence of her herculean husband, who stood regarding the party with a sullen look of dissatisfaction. Suddenly, however, rolling up his sleeves, he stepped into the middle of the room, and burst forth:

"Gentlemen, I have been noticing how things have been working here for some time, and I ain't half satisfied. I don't want to raise a fuss; but—"

"What's the matter, John?" inquired a dozen voices. "What do you mean? Have we done any thing to hurt your feelings?"

"Yes, you have; all of you have hurt my feelings, and I've just got this to say about it: Here's every girl in the room has been kissed near a dozen times apiece, and there's my wife, who I consider as likely as any of them, has not had one to-night; and I just tell you now, if she does not get as many kisses the balance of the night as any gal in the room, the man that slights her has got me to fight—that's all. Now go ahead with your plays." The young wife was not slighted during the remainder of the evening.

The Emperor of China is a sensible man. It is said that he employs physicians only to keep him in health. He is guided by them in regard to his diet and general mode of living, and as long as his health is preserved he pays them well for their services; but if he is taken sick, woe betide his physicians! Then they must attend for nothing, and perhaps receive punishment besides.

THE *Illustrated Literary Album*, No. 77, will give away a splendid picture, entitled THE FIRST LESSON, by THOMAS NAST. See Advertisement in another column.

WE inform our readers that Messrs. POLLAK & SON, who were the first to introduce the *manufacture of meerschaum goods* into this country, have opened a *new store at 27 John St., near Nassau*. Their store at 692 *Broadway, near Fourth St.*, will be retained as heretofore; and at both stores the largest selection of only warranted genuine meerschaum goods is kept. They cut pipes and cigar-holders of any shape to order, do repairing, and charge moderate prices.

FOR brown discolorations, called Moth and Freckles, use PERRY'S Moth and Freckle Lotion, prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.


## ADVERTISEMENTS.

HOW TO DO IT. FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York, can read character and give advice as to pursuits, health, &c., from likenesses. Send a prepaid envelope, and ask for the "Mirror of the Mind," which will tell how likenesses should be taken, the required measurements, terms, &c.

**6000 Agents** wanted to sell *six* new inventions, of great value to families; all pay great profits. Send 15c. and get 80 pages, or 25c. and get 80 pages and a sample gratis. EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

**A Great Gift Picture**
WITH THE
**Literary Album,**
NUMBER 77.

Will be given away, a BEAUTIFUL ORIGINAL PICTURE, bearing the title of

**"The First Lesson."**

This beautiful work of art is designed by the popular artist,

**THOMAS NAST,**

and will be engraved in the first style of art.

**No. 77,**

with which the picture will be given away, will be ready on the 18th of May.

LOOK OUT FOR IT.

For Sale by every News Agent.
Price 10 cents per copy.

A CLEAR, SMOOTH SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION follows the use of HELMBOLD'S CONCENTRATED EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA.

It removes black spots, pimples, and all eruptions of the skin.

WHISKERS.—DR. LAMONTE'S CORROLIA will force Whiskers or Mustaches on the smoothest face or chin. Never known to fail. Sample for trial sent on receipt of 10c. Address
REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York.

HELMBOLD'S CONCENTRATED EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA is the *Great Blood Purifier*.

TENNESSEE Swamp Shrub Balsam, for improving the Beard and Mustache. For history, testimonials, and *Sample*, address John Rawlins, Box 5274, N.Y.

IN THE SPRING MONTHS the system naturally undergoes a change, and HELMBOLD'S HIGHLY CONCENTRATED EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA is an assistant of the greatest value.

DR. McLANE'S
**Celebrated Vermifuge and Liver Pills.**

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Messrs. FLEMING BROS., Proprietors of McLANE'S VERMIFUGE and LIVER PILLS, in this Number.

These justly celebrated remedies have been before the public for the past thirty years, during which time they have been thoroughly tested in every way, and in all parts of the United States and the Canadas, and have given universal satisfaction.

McLANE'S LIVER PILLS are not recommended as cure-alls, but simply for Liver Complaints, all Bilious Diseases, Sick Headaches—for Chills and Fevers, and for derangements of the Liver.

McLANE'S VERMIFUGE is only recommended for the removal of Worms. This preparation has long been celebrated for its extraordinary power in this respect. It is also said to be an infallible cure for that terrible pest, the TAPE-WORM. If the symptoms described, either for Liver Complaints or for Worms, have been or are now experienced by any, try the medicines. They can be had at all respectable Drug Stores.

Twenty-five cents expended in this way may obviate the necessity of paying many Dollars for Doctors' Bills.

**YOUNG LADIES BEWARE!**

OF THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS of Face Powders and Washes. All such remedies close up the pores of the skin, and in a short time destroy the complexion. If you would have a fresh, healthy, and youthful appearance, use HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA.

**AGENTS WANTED**

To sell an article wanted in every house, hotel, office, store, &c., city and country. For particulars, address C. M. BROWN, 74 Bleecker Street, New York.

NOT A FEW of the worst disorders that afflict mankind arise from corruption of the blood. HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA is a remedy of the utmost value.

**FISHING TACKLE,**

In all its varieties, for sale by A. DRAPER, No. 53 Nassau St., one door from Maiden Lane, New York.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA cleanses and renovates the blood, instills the vigor of health into the system, and purges out the humors that make disease.

**WATERS' PIANO-FORTES.**

Grand, Square, and Upright; MELODEONS: Parlor, Church, Gem, and Cabinet ORGANS—the best manufactured—TO LET, and rent applied if purchased; monthly installments received. Second-hand pianos at great bargains. Factory and Warerooms, No. 481 Broadway, New York. HORACE WATERS & CO.

QUANTITY *vs.* QUALITY. HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA. The dose is small. Those who desire a large quantity and large doses of medicine ERR.

BOOK OF MYSTERIOUS DISCLOSURES, 25 cts.
W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, New York.

THOSE WHO DESIRE BRILLIANCY OF COMPLEXION must purify and enrich the blood, which HELMBOLD'S CONCENTRATED EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA invariably does. Ask for *Helmbold's*. Take no other.

# The GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.

## Established 1861.

## THE IMMENSE PROFITS OF THE TEA TRADE.

The Proprietors of The Great American Tea Company became fully convinced, several years ago, that the consumers of Tea and Coffee were paying too many and too large profits on these articles of every-day consumption, and therefore organized the Great American Tea Company to do away, as far as possible, with these enormous drains upon the consumers, and to supply them with these necessaries at the smallest possible price.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so that there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by Post-Office Money Orders, or by express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceeds thirty dollars, we will, if desired, send the goods by express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show. All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

### Price-List.

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

MIXED (black and green), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

IMPERIAL (green), best $1 25 ℔ lb.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.

GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50 ℔ lb.

These Teas are chosen for their intrinsic worth, keeping in mind health, economy, and a high degree of pleasure in drinking them.

Our Black and Green Mixed Teas will give universal satisfaction and suit all tastes, being composed of the best Foo-Chow Blacks and Moyune Greens. English Breakfast is not recommended, excepting to those who have acquired a taste for that kind of Tea, although it is the finest imported.

Consumers can save from 50 cents to $1 00 per pound by purchasing their Teas of

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey St., (Post-Office Box 5643), New York City.

COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c, best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers and Families, who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

Our Coffee Department is very extensive—the largest perhaps in the country. We run three engines constantly, and sometimes four or five, in roasting and grinding our Coffee. Our Coffee buyers are experts, who examine most of the Coffees imported, and select the best and finest flavors for our trade. We employ the most experienced and skillful roasters, who exercise the greatest care that it shall be cooked in a perfect manner. It is always fresh, for our orders crowd our facilities to their utmost capacity.

A considerable portion of the Coffee put upon the market of late years is picked while the pods are green, and subjected to artificial heat to open the pods. This is not so good as that which ripens in the natural way upon the plant. Our Coffee buyer thoroughly understands this business, and can readily distinguish the naturally ripened from the artificially cured; and he only buys the Coffee which is naturally ripened. We examine the cargoes as they arrive, and our trade is so large that it takes all the best lots. This is what gives our Coffee a superior flavor to many others, and the same flavor it used to have in days long gone by. It is a common saying that most Coffee does not taste as well as it formerly did. The reason for it is that a considerable proportion of it is picked before it is fully ripe. We sell none but the fully ripe, rich-flavored Coffee.

Country Clubs, Hand and Wagon Peddlers, and small stores (of which class we are supplying many thousands, all of which are doing well), can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of Clubs can have each party's name marked on their package and directed by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-Office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collecting by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

### Club Order.

Gents: The Box of Teas and Coffees I ordered of you I received on the 7th inst. The Club are well pleased: so much so that some ten that sent for small supplies wish to send for more. I have taken some pains to add to our numbers: therefore I have been enabled to send you another order somewhat larger than the first. I hope to be enabled to establish a monthly club. Accept my thanks for complimentary package.

Please fill the following order, and send by express to Chagrin Falls, Ohio, to be paid on delivery.

Yours, truly, William Williams.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 lb. | Uncolored Japan..R. Barrows | at $1 25.. | $1 25 |
| 1 | Uncolored Japan..A. H. Rose | at 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Young Hyson, Green..A. H. Rose | at 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Best Coffee..A. H. Rose | at 40.. | 40 |
| 4 | Coffee..P. Wallace | at 20.. | 80 |
| 2 | Young Hyson, Gr...Chas. Wilson | at 1 25.. | 2 50 |
| 2 | Imperial..Charles Wilson | at 1 25.. | 2 50 |
| 1 | Imperial..Thomas Sanders | at 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Young Hyson, Gr...Thos. Sanders | at 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 2 | Best Gunpowder..H. Robinson | at 1 50.. | 3 00 |
| 1 | Uncolored Japan..G. King | at 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Young Hyson, Green..M. Mills | at 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 2 | Fr. Bkft. and Din. Cof...M. Mills | at 30.. | 60 |
| 1 | Young Hyson, Gr...E. C. P. King | at 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Young Hyson, Gr...Henry Church | at 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Best Gunpowder..E. F. Douglas | at 1 50.. | 1 50 |
| 1 | English Breakfast Tea..E. Frost | at 1 20.. | 1 20 |
| 2 | Fr. Bkft. and Din. Cof...E. Frost | at 30.. | 60 |
| 2 | Young Hyson, Gr...J. Walworth | at 1 25.. | 2 50 |
| 1 | Young Hyson, Gr...Ann Ward | at 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Best Gunpowder..Henry Bailey | at 1 50.. | 1 50 |
| 1 | Best Gunpowder..J. Bailey | at 1 50.. | 1 50 |
| 1 | Best Gunpowder..J. Schuyler | at 1 50.. | 1 50 |
| 1 | Imperial Green..William Austin | at 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Young Hyson, Gr...J. Williams | at 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| | Carried up | | $34 90 |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | Brought up | | $34 90 |
| 1 lb. | Young Hyson, Green..L. Gates | at $1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 3 | Young Hyson, Green..D. Noonan | at 1 25.. | 3 75 |
| 1 | Young Hyson, Green..M. Ward | at 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Young Hyson, Green..H. Hubbell | at 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 4 | Coffee..Mary A. Cole | at 20.. | 80 |
| 1 | Fr. Bkft. & Din. Cof..S. G. Antisdale | at 30.. | 30 |
| 4 | Fr. Bkft. and Din. Cof...J. Hubbel | at 30.. | 1 20 |
| 1 | Best Gunpowder..N. Shippey | at 1 50.. | 1 50 |
| 1 | Young Hyson, Gr...R. W. Gorton | at 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 2 | Young Hyson, Gr...P. Mock | at 1 25.. | 2 50 |
| 1 | Y. Hyson, Gr...J. R. Hackathorn | at 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Young Hyson, Gr...D. A. White | at 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Oolong..R. Walters | at 1 00.. | 1 00 |
| 1 | Mixed Gr. and Black..R. Walters | at 1 00.. | 1 00 |
| 1 | Uncolored Japan..R. Walters | at 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Uncolored Japan..John S. Bullard | at 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Uncolored Japan..O. C. Bullard | at 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Uncolored Japan..A. Grinnell | at 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Best Gunpowder..E. C. Bullard | at 1 50.. | 1 50 |
| 1 | Best Gunpowder..John Stillwell | at 1 50.. | 1 50 |
| 1 | Imperial Green..John Stillwell | at 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Young Hyson, Green..A. Savage | at 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Imperial Green..Henry Vincent | at 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Best Gunpowder..Julia Fish | at 1 50.. | 1 50 |
| | Total | | $67 90 |

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171 Water Street, Greenpoint, N. Y., *Aug.* 29, 1865.
This is to certify that I have used Dr. Gilbert's Pile Instrument and Lubricating Balm for external and itching Piles of long standing, and am perfectly cured. I also recommended the Instrument to a friend at Islip, L. I., and he said he never had any thing do him as much good in his life, and he has suffered for years. If any body wants to know more about it, refer them to me at my office on Newtown Creek, near the Bridge, Greenpoint.
Abraham Myers.

34 South Ninth Street, Williamsburg, *December* 11, 1866.
J. B. Romaine: Dear Sir,—For fifteen years I have been more or less troubled with the Piles, and for past five years I have been unfit for any business. At three different times the Piles protruded so much that I had to call in a doctor and force them back. It was during one of these attacks I was handed an advertisement of Dr. Gilbert's Patent Pile Instrument. I procured one, and used it every morning for three weeks; it helped me so much I felt I was cured. I still use it, and I go to my business every day, which I have not done in several years. Yours, &c., J. W. Corwin.

It has entirely cured my folks after they had given up all hope. They had been troubled over eight years, and are now entirely well. All thanks to your valuable remedy. If the above is of any use to you it can be used at your discretion. Believe me, &c., Wm. E. Chapin, Chapin, Bromell & Co., 8 Spruce St., N. Y.

Cincinnati, *November* 1, 1866.—Mr. J. B. Romaine: Dear Sir,—The relief which I have already experienced from the use of your Instrument is a great blessing to one who has suffered about forty years with this dreadful disease. Respectfully, Griffin Taylor, M.D.

Thirty-Fourth Street Ferry, New York, *April* 20, 1866.
Dr. Gilbert,—After suffering with the Itching Piles for more than fifteen years, I have been entirely cured by using your Instrument and Balm less than two weeks. Truly yours, Benjamin Demilt, Ferry Master.

De Camp Hospital, N.Y.H., David's Island, *Sept.* 18, 1865.—I can cheerfully recommend its use from the results of the cases tested that came under my observation. Yours, Lewis Graves, A. A. Surgeon, U.S.A.

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